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THE WORKMEN'S RIOTS IN BERLIN: SCENE ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 25.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is almost as dangerous to comment upon a "disappearance" as to prophesy before one knows; but there is a much greater temptation to do it. A lost man is only less interesting to his fellow-creatures than buried treasure. His case (until it is known) comprehends every material for excitement and every element of romance; there is no incident so suggestive and at the same time so inscrutable. As to what has become of the Ilminster bank manager, who vanished on the eve of his marriage, we have at this present writing no trustworthy information, though before these words are in print all will probably be discovered. It is most probable that he took himself off, and was not rapt away by the yacht-owning lady, who swore that he should be hers and hers only; but let us hope for the best—that is, for the most romantic explanation of his exit. There has been nothing like it since Mr. Speke's disappearance on the eve of his marriage. A greater sensation was never excited in the Metropolis than by that social mystery. There is something of the detective in every person of acute intelligence, and half the people we met had a theory upon the subject. I had an excellent one myself—in connection with a well in Westminster—which only escaped publication by a hair's-breadth. Some people have nothing but bad words for editors who do not publish their letters, but my lifelong blessing has been showered on the man who did not put that in. And yet, dear me! how angry I was with him at the time—not (of course) that I cared for his merely hiding the light of my intelligence under the bushel of his neglect, but because he withheld what was of such vital importance from the knowledge of the general community. My indignation against him, however, was nothing to the fury of the public against poor Speke when he was discovered to be driving oxen in Devonshire, a situation which none of the thousand-and-one elucidators of his enigma had happened to hit upon.

There is a temptation to some feeble minds to do the trick of disappearance even though there be no sort of necessity for it; their mysterious absence gives them notoriety and invests them with an interest which their presence has failed to create in anybody. In the well-known case of the London citizen quoted in Nichols's "Anecdotes of Literature" there seems to have been no other than this selfish and egotistic motive: he suddenly withdrew himself from his wife and family and disappeared (if I remember right) for a quarter of a century. The peculiarity of the incident (which of itself is, unhappily, not uncommon) was that he resided for the whole of that time in a neighbouring street, and, though his disguise was never found out, had ample opportunities for noting how things went on at home. There is a story told of Beckford, how in his old age, and when exhausted with every pleasure and excitement that ingenuity could suggest, he came upon a young married man who, from lack of means, contemplated suicide, and offered him a large income both for himself and his family upon condition that he should disappear, lead an utterly new life, and never see them again. Once a year he had to report himself to the millionaire and describe his sensations, whether his desire to rejoin his wife and children grew greater or less, and so on—an instance of mental vivisection which, for the honour of human nature, we will conclude to be legendary. But it had its uses, for in my salad days (so called, perhaps, from the coolness with which at that period one makes "copy" of everything) I founded a little story on it and got ten pounds for it.

One of the most striking examples of disappearance is told in the "Life of Grimaldi," edited by Charles Dickens. The famous clown had a brother, who had left his home and gone none knew whither for years; but on one occasion, when playing to a crowded house, Grimaldi, while at the wings, was told that someone wanted to see him, and it turned out to be this long-lost relative. In the very few minutes they had for conversation the brother told him that he had returned to England rich and prosperous, and resolved to roam no more. With much evidence of affectionate emotion, he made an appointment for that evening, but he never kept it, and *was never seen again*.

The bacilli, with whose habits we are growing more and more familiar, are, it has recently been discovered by Professor Tassinari, strongly opposed to tobacco; not, of course, upon moral and still less on sanitary grounds, but simply that it does not agree with them. It "retards their development" in all cases, but "the bacilli of Asiatic cholera and pneumonia are absolutely destroyed by it." It is true that the bacilli of typhoid fever have "great powers of resistance," and pretend that they are not affected (just as one has seen young gentlemen with very white faces profess that smoking does not disagree with them), but even they don't like it. The Professor is also convinced that tobacco, though it may not improve their appearance, prevents the decay of our teeth. This is bad news for the anti-tobacco folks, but will not much affect smokers, who, like the typhoid bacilli, have "great powers of resistance" to all that is said whether for or against their favourite weed.

The fashion of obscurity that has caused the least admirable of Browning's poems to be placed on a level with his best, and everything that is unintelligible in poetry generally to pass for "magnificent," has crossed the Atlantic: the later American bards seem, indeed, to have bettered their teaching, as regards giving readers nuts to crack. Here are some stanzas, called (Heaven knows why!) "Encounter," sung by "two hurrying shapes," that might stagger the Browning Society itself—

The spirits swirled along the vast,
Meeting each other, clutched in fear;
While each his woe outbreathed, aghast
The other's bitter plaint to hear.

"Alas!" one mourned, "from bridal bliss
Death tore me, newly wed this morn."
The other wailed: "Far worse than this
My pain: I hasten to be born!"

It is hard to imagine anything worse than this in the way of unintelligibility; but the thing can be effected. This is what another bard makes one of his characters, the Dwarf Jucklet, say—

Spang spirit! my gracious queen! but thou hast scorched
My left ear to a cinder! and my head
Rings like a ding-dong on the coast of death!

But though my lug be fried to crisp, and my
Singed wig stinks like a little sun-stewed Wink,
I stretch my fragrant presence at thy feet,
And kiss thy sandal with a blistered lip.

This is thought by some native critics to be "equal to Browning," and by others to be "truly Shaksperian." A parallel much more complete, as regards mystery if not sublimity, seems to have escaped them, though it is to be found in the mouth of a fellow-countrywoman of great renown. She, too, is talking of what she does not understand to persons who do not understand *her*, and are most grateful in consequence: "Mind and matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the Sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, out laughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque: 'What ho! Arrest for me that Agency! Go, bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

An appeal, influentially signed, has been sent to all candidates for the County Council for the suppression, or at least the mitigation, of organ-grinding in our streets. In all but English-speaking countries this nuisance has been abolished; but "sentiment," as in the milk-and-water treatment of our brutal criminals, perpetuates among us the very evils it fain would cure. It murmurs complacently that the hurdy-gurdy gives such pleasure to the children in the street, whereas from recent revelations it would appear to be the children (about three couples in all) who accompany the organist from place to place, and dance to order, with the very object of promoting and encouraging this sentimental view. At all events, we have the authority of London clergymen for the statement that street organs in a crowded "court," where there is no police to move them on, inflict agonies upon sick children, and drive those who suffer from brain fever into their graves. It is also within the experience of all of us that so late as ten o'clock at night our own sick little ones are often roused from precious sleep by these hateful instruments. Noise, though an absolute essential, it seems, nowadays, to religious enthusiasm, is surely not of itself an object of worship; and, even if it be, its victims, like those of Juggernaut, should be protected by law.

The story of Athanasius the Greek is most curious. He has altered his creed and come to the conclusion that honesty is the best policy—an unusually interesting confession, since there is no question about his being qualified to speak upon the subject. He was never much in the murdering line, but he has been the head of his profession—brigandage—for many years, and has even made passengers in railway trains "stand and deliver." And now he is a gentleman farmer at Larissa. The "gentleman" is a very delicate touch, suggesting that he has given up trade in all its branches. Unlike Prince Bismarck, he has no hankering after the old flesh-pots in any shape; he has become an amateur, and, I dare say, grows orchids. How he obtained impunity for his past transgressions is a matter between himself and the authorities; he has got it, and there is every reason to suppose he has paid for it handsomely. What concerns us is that Athanasius the sinner has become Athanasius the saint; "very open-handed," we read, "and quite a Providence to the poor." He narrates the tale of his adventures with charming simplicity, "never seeming to gloss over what has been to his discredit in them." This is a man one would like to know, for the brigands of our acquaintance who have retired from business, and quite as notoriously with their swag, and who, if they have not robbed railway passengers, have robbed the shareholders, are utterly deficient in this candour. To hear them talk over their port wine, one would think they had been always honest men. We get no light—or rather no shade—from the story of their past. That it is difficult to "get anything out of them," in a material sense, is only what might be expected, but they

have nothing to tell, or rather nothing they dare tell; more uninteresting company it is impossible to meet. But how delightful must be the society of Athanasius!—a man who has "warmed both hands at the fire of life," and at all sorts of fires, not excluding arson. He no longer seizes you, and takes you to the hills till a reasonable ransom releases you, but his conversation is said to "carry you away" with him. "Table Talk at Larissa" (on the plan of "Evenings at Home") would surely make a most attractive volume.

On the questions of matters outside the "radius," which is now agitating the cab world, I know nothing; but I know something of cabs within it. A neighbour of mine desired to send his son in a hansom to Fenchurch Street every morning at 8.15. The distance is exactly five miles, but, on account of the early hour, he was prepared to give three shillings for the journey. He has tried three hansoms, but each, after a time, has failed him, and the last driver frankly informed him that "cabmen do not like such early hours." It is fair to state that it is difficult at nine o'clock to find a return fare back from the City; but, still, one would think that the realisation of eighteen shillings a week, between eight and nine, would be a temptation to men in a thriving trade, much more in one that is always painted in the most gloomy colours. A rivulet of practical experience such as this, and coming under one's own eyes, is worth an ocean of declamation. I am therefore compelled to believe that the cabman, though he may drive a hansom, is a bit of a "growler." As to the relations between him and his proprietor—what he ought to pay for his cab per diem, &c.—I offer no opinion, but I know what was paid in 1601. From a simile used by Aglionby in his account of the voyage of the Earl of Cumberland, the daily hire of a hack horse may be reasonably inferred (and also the inhumanity of its proprietor): "How lean he be his master useth not to care much, so that he be able to bring him home two shillings at night."

The growth of hackney cabs in London has been of late years enormous. At the beginning of Charles the First's reign there were only twenty on the street ranks, and a proclamation was issued for the suppression even of them. They continued, however, to be more and more hired from the jobmasters, and "the King's Majesty" accordingly took into his consideration "the restraint of excessive carriages to the destruction of the highways," and also "to the great disturbance of the King, Queen, and nobility." No coach was thenceforth permitted to be hired in London for any distance short of three miles out of town, "save by persons who shall constantly keep four sufficient able horses for his Majesty's service, whencesover his Majesty's occasions shall require them." The judges always rode on horseback to Westminster in all weathers.

An example of George the Third's economies, with relation to this subject, is so curious as almost to suggest that it must have betokened approaching insanity. He actually let out the cream-coloured horses used for his state coach to a jobmaster, who "thinks" (says the *Times*, Aug. 10, 1796) "from the great receipt of custom that they will draw him into an easy fortune." There is a letter from a correspondent in the same paper denouncing the indignity put upon "these stately animals, who but recently contributed to his Majesty's public appearance." In our own time it used to be common enough to see a four-wheeled cab with the royal arms emblazoned upon it; but, I suppose, "duty" abolished what reverence could not put a stop to.

It is not only travellers who lie: everyone who gets away for ever so short a time or space from his native land has a tendency that way. If he enjoys himself he exaggerates his delights; if his trip is a fiasco he makes the worst of it; but the more usual course with him is not to be so very pleased, while he swears that the whole affair has been too delightful for expression. Mr. Clement Scott's description of life in the Riviera, in his pleasant little volume, "The Land of Flowers," is singularly free from this weakness. No one could be more enthusiastic about its charms, while at the same time he confesses to its drawbacks. To read his description of Hyères is to long to be there, amid its rose and violet gardens, with their "fifty thousand mètres of flowers undisturbed by a single vegetable." In Hyères the winter consists of "two dark days and a wind that does not demand an overcoat," and when it does rain, which is very seldom, "it always rains at night." But, then, you have got to get there. Mr. Scott explodes all the rubbish about the glories of the Channel passage and the delights of the club-train, and that enchanting passage through Northern France—the most hideous and uninteresting piece of travel in Christendom. "Think of it in winter—cheerless, pitiless, snowclad, and icebound!" At Arles, it is true, you see the sun. "What description can ever convey the secret delight of that warm tingle?" A few hours more and you are in Paradise. But sooner or later comes the journey home again. It is a very honest little book.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WORKMEN'S RIOTS IN BERLIN.

The depressed condition of trade and manufactures in Northern Germany and in Austria is more severely felt by the working classes of the capital cities than has been experienced of late years in Paris or in London. Sad accounts of the distress of the poor in Vienna are given simultaneously with those of the riots of unemployed and destitute labourers in Berlin, where, on Thursday, Feb. 25, in the Unter den Linden avenue, the Charlotten Strasse and the Leipziger Strasse, the Lustgarten and the Schloss Platz, troops of men, with violent cries and gestures, assembled and marched towards the Emperor's palace. They came from the manufacturing suburbs of Tegel and Moabit, apparently to make a demonstration similar to that which was attempted in Trafalgar Square, a few years ago, by the "unemployed" of London. But on attempting to occupy the Lustgarten, in front of the palace, they were driven back by the mounted police with sabres, were forced over the bridge, and were subsequently dispersed in the Neue Markt. After dark in the evening, other mobs in different places, especially the Landsberger Strasse and Frankfurter Strasse, in the north-east quarter, and in the Andreas Platz, attacked many shops, breaking the windows and plundering or wantonly destroying. They were not content with taking food, but spoiled goods of various kinds, even demolishing the stock in a ladies' bonnet-shop, as is shown in our illustration of the scene. The police were not there at hand in time to stop the mischief. Next day the riotous assemblages began again in the Unter den Linden and the Opera House Square, but were prevented from approaching the Schloss, and turned towards the Brandenburg Thor and to the Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse. The police, on horse and foot, had to use their sabres repeatedly, wounding some twenty-five or thirty persons, but none were killed. The Emperor William, with one aide-de-camp, attended by two mounted policemen, rode through the Unter den Linden in the afternoon, and was heartily cheered. Prince Henry of Prussia also came out in an open carriage, and none of the royal family were personally insulted. The disturbances were at an end on Saturday, and a large number of the leaders were taken into custody. Public works for the relief of the unemployed are undertaken by the Municipality of Berlin.

LONDON SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The Shire Horse Society held its annual show from Tuesday, Feb. 23, to Friday, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, with very good success. Although the total number of entries, 561, had been exceeded two years ago, when there were 646, this was the effect of judicious restrictions to obtain a juster proportion of classes and sexes. There were 337 effective male breeding animals to 224 mares, and the veterinary inspection was very strict. Many of the nobility visited the show; the prizes were presented by Lord Hothfield, the president, and by the Lord Mayor of London. The championship for the best stallion was awarded to Bury Victor Chief, owned by Mr. Joseph Wainwright, of Bowden Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, a horse which was also the champion at Doncaster last year, and twice first prize-winner at the London Horse Show. The champion mare was declared to be Starlight, a grand but rather middle-aged female, which was first exhibited here in 1889, has thrice won the Lockinge challenge cup, was sold for £950, and now belongs to Mr. Frederick Crisp; this may be her last public appearance. Several other animals of great merit were exhibited from the best studs and valued stock of the "Shires," Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Leicester, Notts, Hunts, Bedford, Cambridge, Berks, Buckingham, Northampton, Warwick, Oxford, and other Midland counties.

THE WATERLOO CUP WINNER.

The Alecto coursing meeting has yielded to Colonel North, by his celebrated greyhound Fullerton, the unexampled triumph of winning the Waterloo Cup a fourth time in successive years. That famous dog, the son of Greentick by Bit of Fashion, in the final running on Thursday, Feb. 25, defeated Mr. G. F. Fawcett's Fitz-Fife, the remaining competitor after the preceding courses, and the hoisting of the red flag in his favour was hailed by crowds of admirers with hearty cheering. It is understood that Fullerton will henceforth retire to the duties of the stud. His owner may well be satisfied with the victories of this noble animal in his active career.

RUSSIAN EMIGRANTS IN NEW YORK.

The arrival of emigrant Russian families by the Hamburg and Bremen steam-ships attracts some attention in New York, as their appearance is readily distinguished from that of the Germans and other North European nations who seek a better livelihood across the Atlantic. One of our Special Artists, who recently traversed the whole breadth of Siberia, coming home

by China, Japan, and San Francisco, and tarrying in the United States, met some of these fugitives from poverty—if not, in the case of the Jews, from unjustifiable Russian persecution—at the landing-place in New York, to which they had come from the opposite direction. Yet it is probable, from our accounts of Siberia that the vast Asiatic empire of Russia has sufficient natural resources, as well as land suitable for cultivation, with a very healthy climate, to sustain as many millions of settlers as the still unoccupied parts of North America. The time may come for Russian emigration to turn eastward instead of west, and one great political difficulty may thus be solved.

THE NEW RIFLE RANGES AT STAINES.

The rifle ranges provided at Staines, by a company, for the use of the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps were opened on Tuesday, March 1. The first shot was fired by the Earl of Waldegrave, Chairman of the National Rifle Association. We present views of the ground, on which two butts, with fifty-six targets, have been erected, and others are soon to be added. The new station of the Great Western Railway is within two hundred yards' distance, and this situation will be convenient for most of the London Volunteers. It is called "Ranimede."

CANARY AND CAGE BIRD SHOW.

The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of these feathered pets at the Crystal Palace, from Saturday, Feb. 27, to half the following week, proved attractive to visitors, and brought to view many interesting foreign species, besides good specimens of the familiar kinds. Our Artist has sketched a few examples of both. Mrs. Pretymann, with her "Diamants Mirabilis,"

fine bronze monument, representing Dom Pedro I. on horseback with four groups of native Indian figures, glorifies the Brazilian Empire amid the foliage of tropical trees, Rio displays her metropolitan dignity to better effect. The streets, in general, are badly paved, straight, and uninviting; but the midday lounge in the Rua Primeiro de Marzo, which our Artist has sketched, collects a mixed assemblage of Europeans, natives, and negroes, typical of various classes of the population, and there is no lack of curious points for observation in the manners, costumes, and habits of Brazilian city folk.

THE HIMALAYA GLACIERS OF BALISTAN.

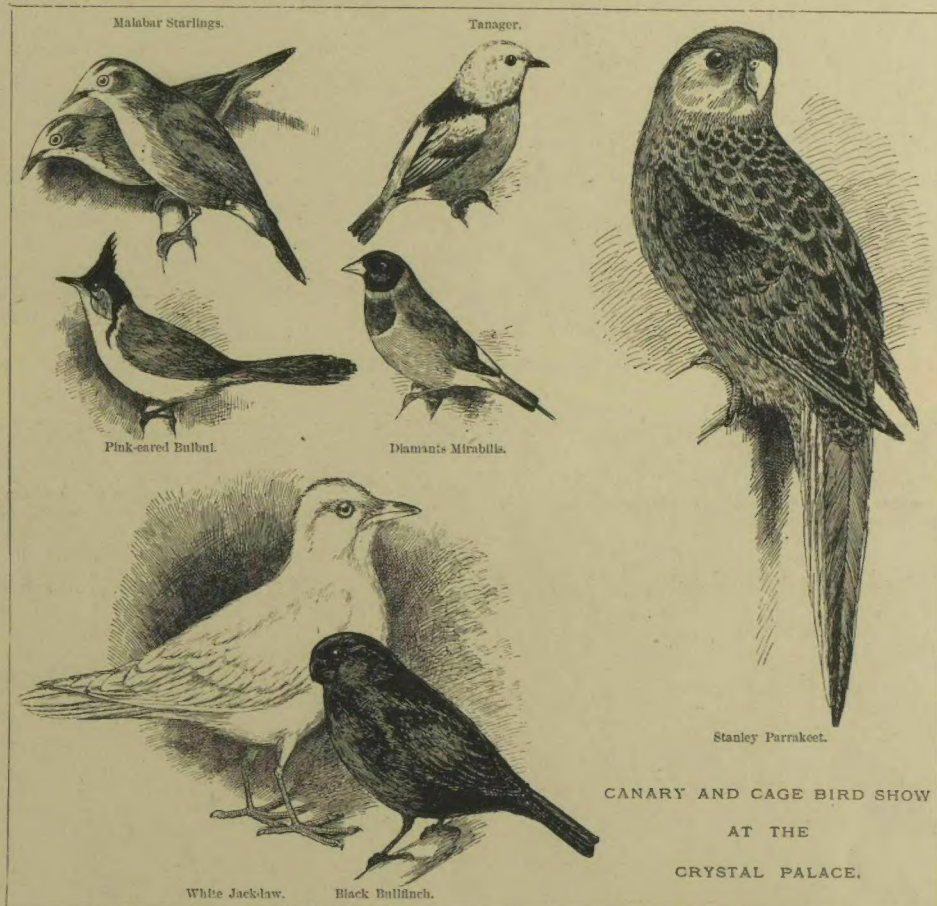
To students of physical geography, and of the phenomena of ice formations at high terrestrial altitudes, the expedition of Mr. W. M. Conway and other Alpine climbing adventurers, noticed last week, promises an interesting contribution of knowledge. It is fortunate that we are furnished in advance by Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Godwin-Austen, F.R.S., who made a survey of the mountain region north of Kashmir about thirty years ago, with excellent sketches of the glacier districts in Baltistan and Wardwan, described in his communications to the Royal Geographical Society in 1864. This region is situated to the east of Gilgit and of the Hunza-Nagar country, recently the scene of a conflict with a British-Indian frontier force in alliance with the Maharajah of Kashmir. The Himalayan barrier of Central Asia is here ascended from the south by the lofty pass of the Mustakh, leading from Skardo, the capital of Baltistan, towards the great upland plain of Yarkand, of Chinese Turkestan, which is the basin of the large rivers Yarkand and Tarim, or Kasghar, flowing eastward in the direction

of China till their united stream is lost in the sandy deserts and the swamps around Lob Nor. There is a colony of Baltis residing in Yarkand, and they have, for many years past, used the Mustakh Pass, in the summer, to cross the high mountain range, sometimes with "yaks," the Tibetan oxen, or with ponies, following either of two routes according to the state of the ice on the Baltoro and Punmah glaciers. The lower ends of the Punmah and Biafo glaciers had been seen by several travellers—Vigne, Dr. Falconer, Dr. Thomson, and Herr Schlagintweit. In 1858 and 1859 Captain Montgomerie's assistants—Messrs. Johnstone, Beverley, and Shelverton—advanced the triangulation survey to Skardo; and Captain Godwin-Austen, in 1861, proceeded with it to the Mustakh, when he first saw and examined the Baltoro glacier, previously unknown to Europeans. A portion of this glacier was traversed by Lieutenant Younghusband in 1888, in his adventurous long journey from Pekin, through the great desert and through Yarkand, to Kashmir and India.

The Baltoro glacier is in latitude about 35 deg. 45 min., and is probably the greatest of mountain glaciers in the world, being thirty-five miles long and over a mile in average breadth. Our present illustrations give some idea of its aspect, and several of the highest peaks rising around it were shown in our last. The lower part of the glacier exhibits huge moraines of old sedimentary deposit, parallel to each other, yet still separated by clean bands of ice, and generally with a strong stream flowing down between them. At every few miles are some new moraines. The lines of dark rocks run parallel with those of a paler colour, according to the geological strata from which they have been derived. Still further down these become crowded together, and at last coalesce: at this point and for about five miles is a series of lakes formed in the hollows, each lake differing in colour—some blue, some green, and some as clear as crystal, others muddy. Some of these median glacier lakes are as much as 400 to 500 yards in length, with miniature icebergs floating on the surface, masses broken off from their marginal ice cliffs. For the last lower five miles the greater portion of the surface is covered deep with rock debris and gravel, concealing the ice, which is only visible in the dark, steep ice slopes. The terminal cliff, a mile in length, differs much in height, but was estimated at quite 100 ft. Other sketches represent the Punmah and Chiring glaciers, the source of the Baidoh River, the Chogo glacier, in the Basha valley, and the Bhut Punzal, in Wardwan.

The Wardwan district is situated to the east, where a pass, 14,370 ft. high, leads to Sooro, in Ladak, and its glacier scenery is more like the Alps of Switzerland. The Basha valley, above Arundo, contains the Chogo glacier, twenty-eight miles long, descending from Haramosh, a very fine peak, in the mountains that separate Baltistan from the Hunza-Nagar country.

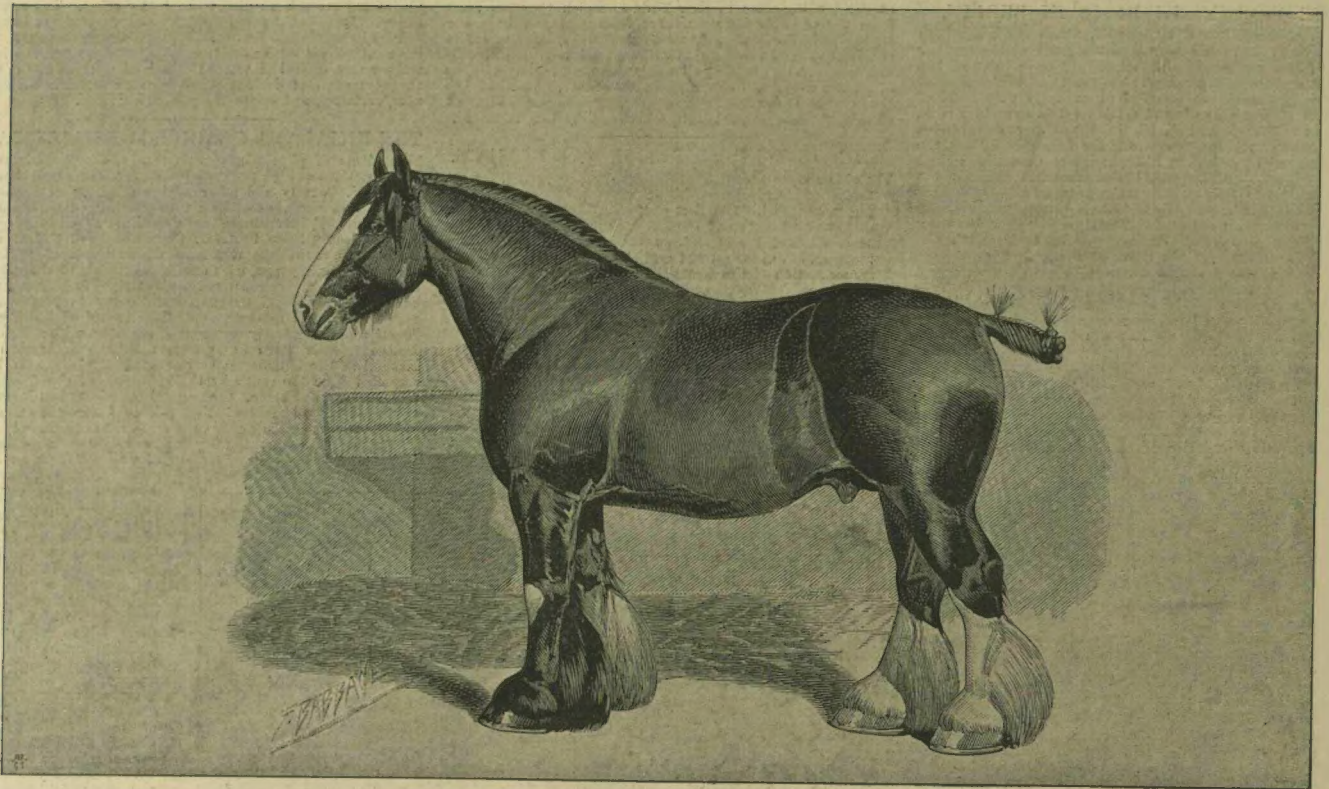
The altitude of the Haramosh Peak is about 24,285 ft. The Chogo glacier is described by Colonel Godwin-Austen, who was on it four days, as one of the most striking and beautiful that he saw. Its surface is a sea of ice-waves, almost impossible to get over in some parts, being terribly broken up. With regard to the Bhut Punzal, or Bhut Kol, this glacier is but six miles in length, while the Swiss Gôrner is nine miles and the Aletsch is eleven miles long. But the surrounding Himalayan mountain heights greatly exceed those of the Alps in Europe.



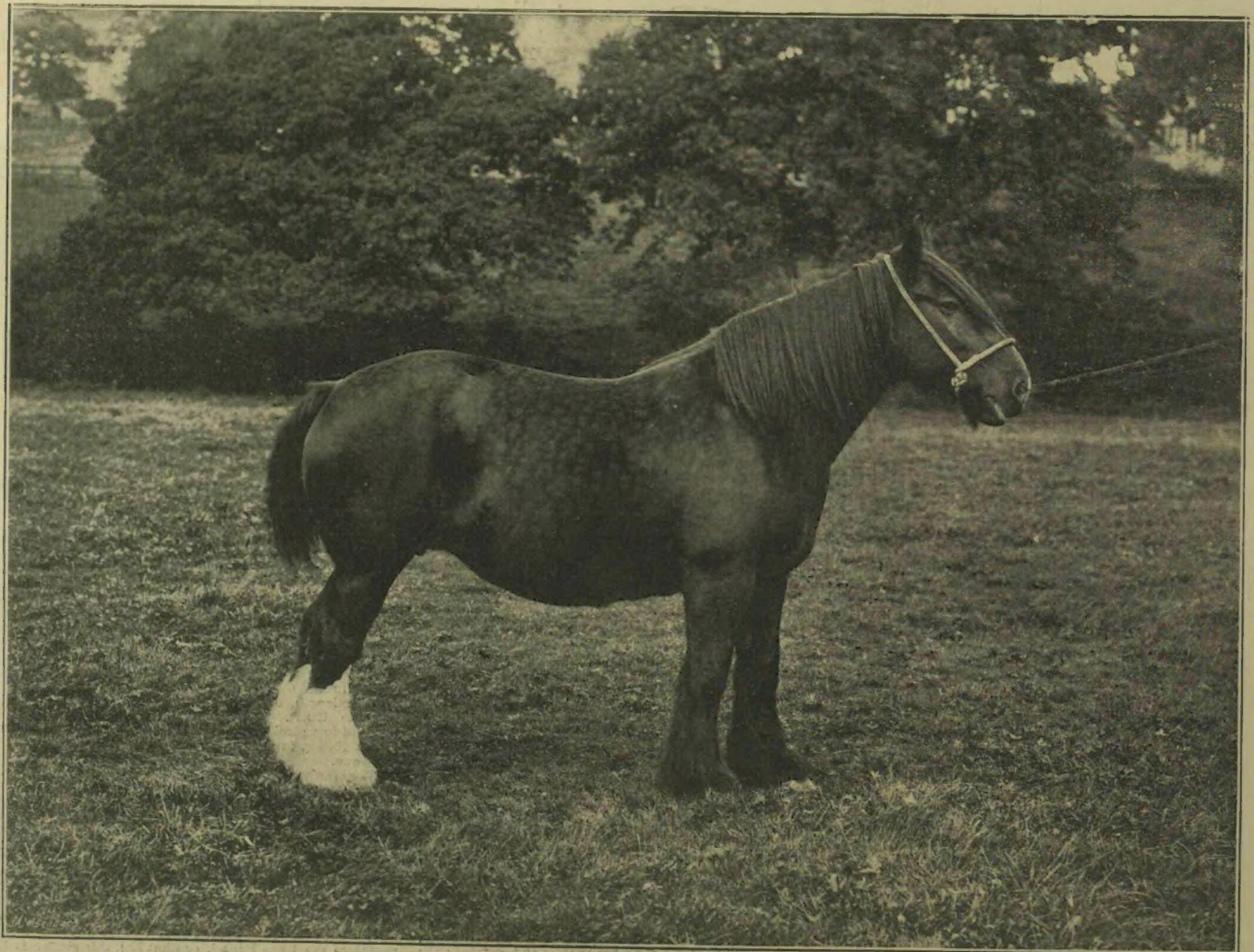
"Chanteurs de Cuba," lories, spectacle-birds, and parrot finches, was an important contributor of valuable rarities; while Mr. J. Cronshaw's scarlet tanager, Mrs. Pollard's two bulbuls, the pink-eared and the green, and some of the parakeets, gained much admiring notice.

SKETCHES AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

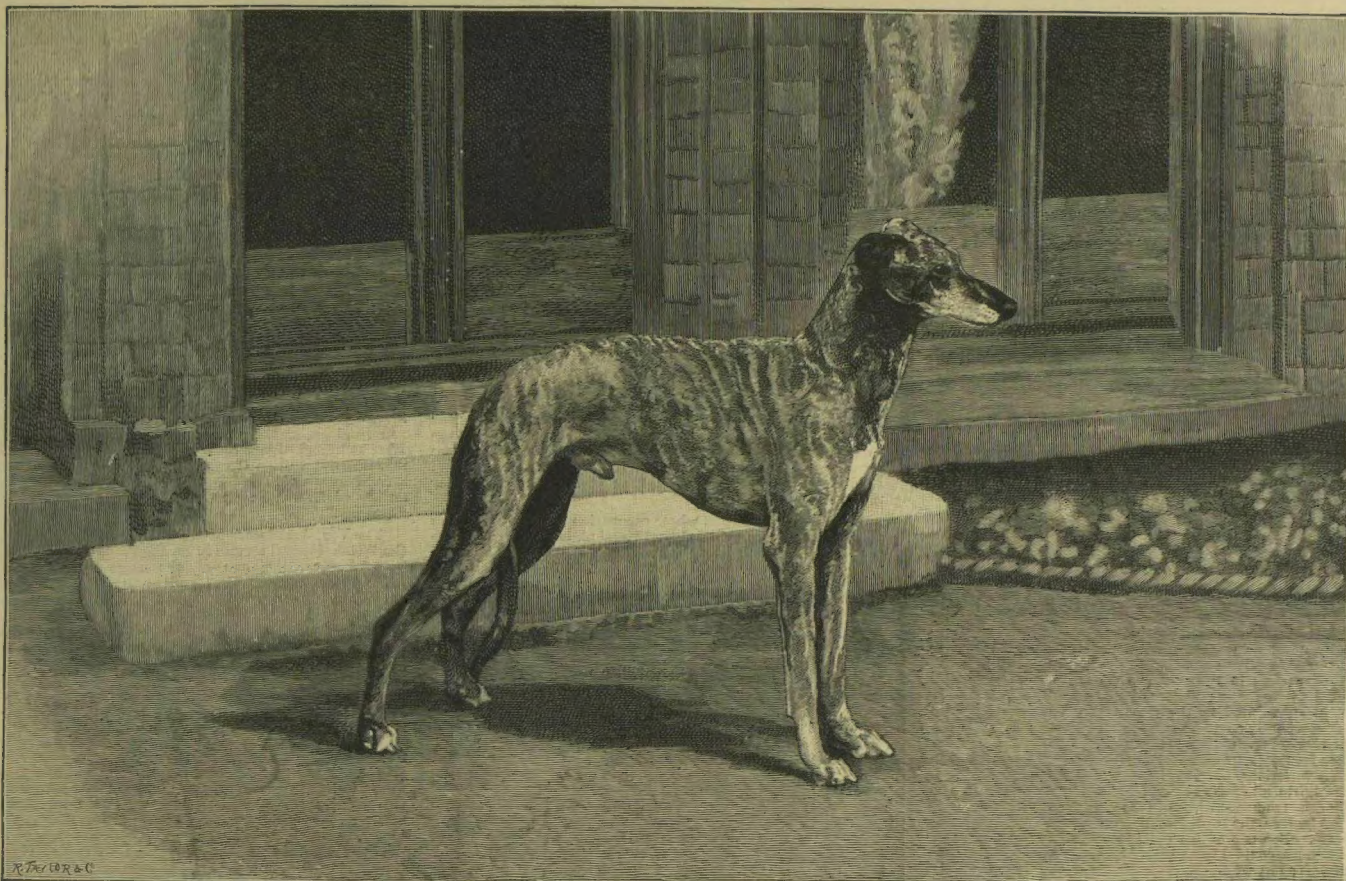
Our Special Artist's sketches of the Brazilian capital and its neighbourhood will have an interest, from the features of social life in that mixed community and from the grand scenery of the Bay and the surrounding mountains, which is independent of recent political events. The marine approach to the city is universally admired: on entering the bay, one is surprised by the range of jagged, rugged, commanding peaks to the left hand, beginning with the pyramid "Sugar-loaf," 1365 ft. high, and extending to the Corcovado; to the right are successive ranges of more rounded hills, covered with forest verdure; in the distance rise the lofty Organ Mountains, with a picturesque outline clearly discerned at a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The shores of the bay, which contains many little rocky islands, are broken into by diverse inlets and engaging recesses; the white sandy beach affords a charming contrast to the deep azure water. The aspect of the city, with its suburban villages, gardens, and palm groves, is more beautiful at first sight, from the harbour, than its interior street views; but, along the open seaward embankment, the Praia do Flamengo, the row of tall new houses, gaily adorned with artistic stucco devices and brightly coloured in blue, yellow, red, and green, puts a fair face on Rio de Janeiro, flanked by two pretty hills that jut forward into the bay. The principal business streets are narrow and crowded: the Rua Ovidor will not bear comparison with the Strand or Champs-Élysées, while the public buildings and churches are less stately than in some other South American towns. In the handsome square called the Largo da Constituição, where a



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: THE CHAMPION STALLION, BURY VICTOR CHIEF.
OWNER, MR. J. WAINWRIGHT, CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, DERBYSHIRE.



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON: THE CHAMPION MARE, STARLIGHT.
OWNER, MR. F. CRISP, NEW SOUTHGATE, MIDDLESEX.



FULLERTON, THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

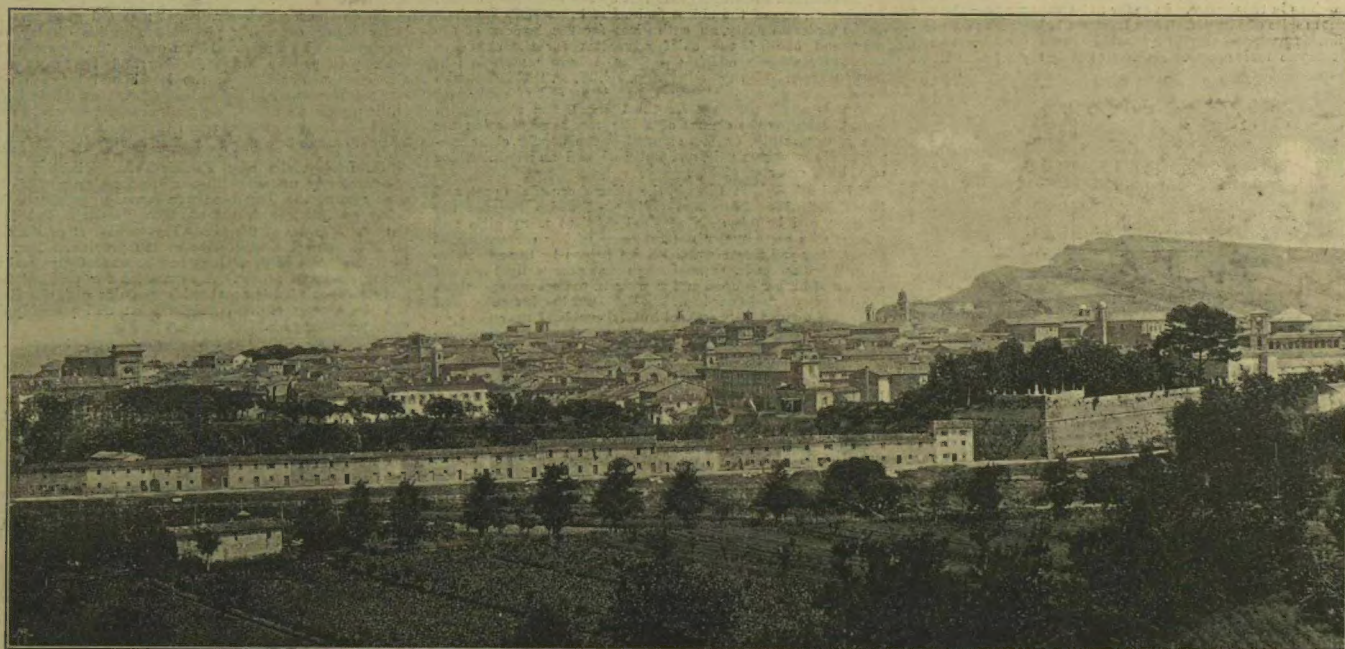
From a Photograph in the possession of Colonel North.

THE ROSSINI CENTENARY.

Fifty years ago Rossini would have been described as one of the greatest of modern composers, the equal, if not the superior, of Beethoven. At present, such an estimate of him seems as ridiculous to us all as it seemed then to Berlioz and Wagner; and the danger now is that all the centenary notices of him which are not mere compilations from the musical dictionaries will revenge upon his memory the excesses of the Rossinian age, when even scholarly musicians regarded him as an Italian Handel. Mendelssohn himself was captivated by his genius, although it is not too much to say that Rossini never produced a single secular composition of any length without padding or spicing it with some gross claptrap which Mendelssohn would have hanged himself rather than put before the public as his own work. Indeed, Rossini was one of the greatest masters of claptrap that ever lived. His moral deficiencies as an artist were quite extraordinary. When he found the natural superiority of his genius in conflict with the

ignorance and frivolity of the public—and the musical ignorance and frivolity of the Venetians and Neapolitans can hardly be overstated—he surrendered without a struggle. Although he was so able a man that it was easier and pleasanter to him to do his work intelligently than to conventionalise it and write down to the popular taste, he never persevered in any innovation that was not well received; and it is hardly possible to doubt that the superiority of "William Tell" to his other operas is due solely to the fact that it was written for the Grand Opéra in Paris, where the public had been educated by Gluck to expect at least a show of seriousness in an *opera seria*. He rose to the occasion then as a matter of business, just as he would have sunk to it had the commission come from Venice; and it was characteristic of him that he did not rise an inch beyond it: in fact, he adapted all the old claptrap to the new conditions instead of discarding it. This may be seen plainly enough in the overture, which every reader of these lines probably knows by heart. Rossini's previous overtures had all been com-

posed according to a formula of his own. First came a majestic and often beautiful exordium, sometimes extending, as in "Semiramide," to the dimensions of a slow movement. Then he fell to business with an irresistibly piquant "first subject," usually a galop more or less thinly disguised, working up into the conventional *ritto*, with the strings rushing up and down the scales and the brass blaring vigorously. Then a striking half-close, announcing a fresh treat in the shape of a "second subject," not a galop this time, but a spirited little march tune, leading to the celebrated Rossini crescendo, in which one of the arabesques of the march pattern would be repeated and repeated, with the pace of the accompaniment doubling and redoubling, and the orchestration thickening and warming, until finally the big drum and the trombones were in full play, and every true Italian was ready to shout "Viva il gran maestro!" in wild enthusiasm. And then, since everybody wanted to hear it all again, the whole affair, except, of course, the introduction, was repeated note for note, and finished off with a Pelion of a coda piled on the Ossa of the crescendo,



THE ROSSINI CENTENARY: PESARO, IN ITALY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROSSINI.

the last flourish being always a rush up the scale by the fiddles, and a final thump and crash for the whole band. As Rossini's invention never flagged in the matter of galops and marches, he was able to turn out overtures of this sort without a second thought. They soon overran Europe; and those to "Tancredi," "L'italiana in Algeri," "La Gazza Ladra," and especially "Semiramide," are still as familiar to military bandsmen as "God Save the Queen." When "William Tell" was



GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

ordered, Rossini understood that Paris would expect something more than a mere reshaping of his old box of tricks; but he knew better than to risk his popularity by giving them any really novel or profound work. All he abandoned was the wholesale repetition and the crescendo. By way of repudiating all noisy pomp in the exordium, he made it a charming concerted piece for the violoncellos alone. The galop and the *tutti* he presented in the most ingenious metamorphosis as the approach and final bursting of a tremendous storm. The second subject was a charming pastoral, with variations on the flute which no schoolgirl could misunderstand. Suddenly came a trumpet-call, and then such a quickstep as the world had never heard before. Not one of his old galopades or crescendos could keep pace with it for a moment: it was the very quintessence of all his clatter. Hackneyed as it has become, it is hard to this day to keep an audience from encoring it when it is well played. The whole opera bears the same relation to his other operas as the overture to his other overtures. It was meant for an audience which included a certain percentage of serious and cultivated musicians. He just surpasses himself far enough to compel the admiration, if not the respect, of these few, without losing his hold of the rest. Had the percentage been higher, he would have taken a little more trouble; if it had been lower, he would have taken less. The success of "William Tell," added to the results of a prudent marriage, and the friendship of the Rothschilds, who looked after his savings for him, secured his future pecuniarily. From that time, although he had not turned thirty-nine, he wrote no more operas. For the forty years of life which remained to him he could afford to be idle, and he was idle, except that he composed a mass and a "Stabat Mater," in which again he rose with consummate ease just to the requirements of his Church, still without sacrificing a jot of his popularity. The "Stabat," with its "Cujus animam" set to a stirring march tune, its theatrically sublime "Inflammatus," and the ingenious sham fugue at the end, show that he was the same man in the church as in the theatre. In so far as he was ever great, he was great in spite of himself. When he was a lad learning counterpoint, his master one day disparaged him as only knowing enough to compose mere operas. He immediately replied that all he

wanted was to compose operas, and refused to carry his studies a step further. Among musicians, therefore, his name is famous, but not sacred. He was captivating and exhilarating; he was imposing to the last degree in his splendid manners; he was clever, and full of fun; his practicality was largely due to good sense; he did not settle down to offering the public frivolous work until it had snubbed him for taking himself more seriously; he may be credited with some sincerity in his admissions that he was not a great composer as Mozart was a great composer; and it cannot be denied that he was exceptionally unfortunate in respect of the illiteracy, the Bohemianism, the ignorance, narrowness, and squalor of his environment during childhood. On all these grounds, and some others, there is a case to be made out on Rossini's side which cannot be adequately stated here; but when the utmost has been made of it, it will not entitle him to pre-eminence even among modern Italian composers; whilst as to a place in the hierarchy of the greatest modern masters, from Bach to Wagner, that is quite out of the question.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

PERSONAL.

The London County Council elections have not produced the general retirement of distinguished candidates which was predicted. The Council will, in any case, miss the services of Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, Sir John Lubbock, and Sir Thomas Farrer, but Lord Rosebery is virtually standing for East Finsbury, in company with Mr. Benn, the Whip of the Progressive Party, and new candidates are appearing in the persons of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Ilohester, and Lord Lamington for the Moderates, and Lord Carrington for the Progressives.

The Duke of Norfolk, whose occupation is described on his nomination paper as that of Earl Marshal, is standing for the City, and is regarded as the probable Moderate candidate for the chairmanship should that party obtain the majority. Lord Carrington's position is also an interesting one. The late Governor for New South Wales is fighting a contested battle in West St. Pancras as the Progressive candidate, in company with Dr. Collins. Lord Carrington's programme is an advanced one. He approves the whole Progressive policy, and is especially keen in his advocacy of the taxation of ground values, and the "municipalisation" of the supply of London gas, water, and markets. Should he be elected, it is not



THE ROSSINI CENTENARY: HOUSE IN THE AVENUE INGRES, PASSY, PARIS, WHERE ROSSINI DIED, NOV. 13, 1868.

improbable that he may stand as the Progressive candidate for the chairmanship.

The Council sustains a great loss by the retirement of Mr. Bencherot, one of the ablest and most industrious members of the Moderate Party, an enthusiast for the housing of the poor, and one of the chief advocates for the extensive rehousing scheme which the Council have undertaken in Bethnal Green. On the other side, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, who has done exemplary service in the improvement of parks and spaces, is again standing for the Council, and shares with Lord Carrington the chance of a Progressive nomination for the chairmanship, or more probably the deputy chairmanship. He is young, able, and cultured, and an administrator of a high order of ability.

The death of Miss Clough, the elder sister of the poet, and the Principal of Newnham College, of which she was the founder, will be felt as a personal grief to many girls and women who came under the influence of her personality, at once strong and charming, and were helped by her admirable educational methods. Miss Clough was practically the chief pioneer of higher education for women, the movement which she largely opened in 1842 with a day-school at Liverpool, and afterwards with another school in Westmoreland, near the Fell, where children of well-to-do people mixed with those of the villagers. Mrs. Humphry Ward was one of these pupils, and retained the tenderest recollections of her old schoolmistress. Her work had a sad interruption in 1861, when her distinguished brother died at Florence, his last hours soothed by the presence and care of his wife and sister. The two ladies afterwards lived together in the south of England, but gradually Miss Clough slipped back into her educational work.

She started a series of "Lectures for Ladies" in Manchester and Liverpool, which formed the origin of the North of England Council. From this, in turn, came a regular extension of University teaching to women by means of lectures in several centres. Then came the "higher local" examinations at Cambridge, and in 1871 the beginnings of Newnham, in the shape of what the *Times* describes as "a little hall for five girl students" who wished to attend the lectures. Newnham grew rapidly in numbers, popularity, and educational strength, until it attained, under Miss Clough's management, its present remarkable position. Miss Clough's personality was as engaging as her talents for organisation were remarkable. She had the peculiar personal beauty which one associates with a combination of fine, prematurely white hair and dark, lustrous eyes.

Of late years—she was seventy at the time of her death—her health somewhat failed, and her interesting face wore an appearance of extreme delicacy. She was keenly interested in the progress of all her pupils, and will be gratefully and admiringly remembered by them.

We believe that the negotiations in favour of prolonging Lord Roberts's stay in India are not yet concluded, but it is still hoped that his services will be retained, at all events till the end of 1893. Lord Roberts himself is anxious to finish his scheme of frontier fortifications, and it is important that this great military work should be completed, as it was begun, under one master eye. His health, however, has suffered from long residence in India, and if he stays as Commander-in-Chief, a condition will be six months' leave to England. In some quarters Sir Evelyn Wood is mentioned as his most probable successor.

Signor Alberto Randegger, upon whom King Humbert has just conferred the Order of the Crown of Italy through the Italian Ambassador in London, first came to this country in 1854, when a young man of twenty-two. He became a teacher of singing, and in that capacity has attained one of the foremost places in our midst. He was appointed one of the professors of the Royal Academy of Music in 1863, and is at the present time a member of the Committee of Management of that institution. He succeeded the late Sir Julius Benedict as conductor of the Norwich Musical Festival. He directed for several years the London performances of the Carl Rosa Company, and during the past few seasons has shared with Signor Mancinelli and Signor Bevilacqua the duties of *chef d'orchestre* at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Randegger has composed several operas, cantatas, scenes, and vocal pieces, and he is the author of Messrs. Novello and Co.'s primer on the subject of "Singing."

The Ven. Archdeacon Howell, who preached the sermon at the Welsh festival service in St. Paul's Cathedral on Feb. 29, is, without doubt, one of the most eloquent preachers in the vernacular to be found in the whole of the Principality. He is not often heard in London pulpits, but during the May season he not infrequently appears on the platform at Exeter Hall. No discussion on "The Church in Wales" at a Church congress is considered complete until Archdeacon Howell has been heard, his speech on the subject at the Manchester meeting in 1889 rousing the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. But Canon Howell—he holds a stall in the picturesque cathedral of St. Asaph—is not merely a brilliant speaker; he is also an energetic organiser and a capable administrator. During his sixteen years' incumbency at Wrexham the Church made wonderful strides in the affections of the people. The churches were increased in number from three to nine, the clergy from five to ten, the mission-rooms from two to five, and the Sunday-schools from six to fourteen. It was very generally believed that he was marked out for the bishopric of St. Asaph on the death of the late bishop, but the diocese required the energy of a man full of vigour, and Canon Howell is now getting on in years. Bishop Edwards, however, shortly after his own nomination to the see, gracefully appointed him to be Archdeacon of Wrexham.

The assault-at-arms given by the Oxford University Fencing Club on Feb. 23 proved a great success. Perhaps the best thing in the whole evening was the extraordinary pluck and skill displayed by Mr. Egerton Castle, who fought throughout with his left hand in a sling, and was almost uniformly superior to his opponents. Mr. Pye had come forward at the last moment to help to fill up a gap in the programme caused by Captain Hutton's absence, and the Italian fencing was at once awe-inspiring to the audience and effective on the stage. "Rapier and Dagger," played by the president and his brother, also afforded much amusement; but the next bout by the same two gentlemen, in which the possibilities of a cloak were sufficiently demonstrated, proved one of the most successful "hits" of an eventful evening.

Only one undergraduate member of the youthful fencing club took part; but quality made up for quantity, and in Mr. Crackanthorpe of Merton, the University has a safe candidate in whose hands to place the disposal of its honour against Cambridge. Mr. Crackanthorpe's ripostes were especially good, and his form generally excellent, in which respect he was better than the other representative of the club—its secretary. But Mr. Cook proved somewhat difficult to hit, and made occasionally a very fair stroke, especially in his bout with the sabre against Mr. Castle. Mr. Sweetman is one of the best, if not the very best, fencers in the British Army, and his style, not only in attack, but in the acknowledgment of hits and the technique of the assault, cannot be too highly commended.

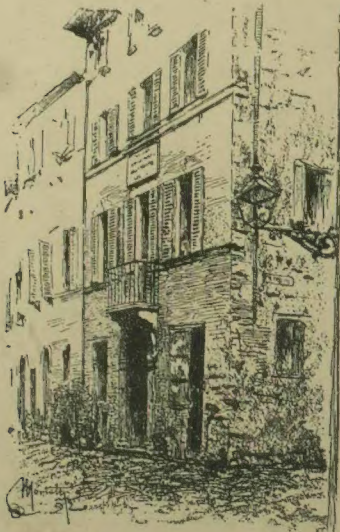
M. de Goncer and Mr. Paget also did good service, the latter being especially picturesque in his display of the cavalry sword exercise. If we except Mr. Egerton Castle's bout, perhaps the finest fencing and the most technically correct was that in the last round between the two maitres d'armes. Against a man of such established skill as M. Bourgeois, who had fought admirably the whole evening, M. de Goudouville made a stand that was more than creditable. The club are to be congratulated on having so good a professor.

M. Loubet, the new French Prime Minister, although comparatively unknown to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, has long been a *persona grata* at the Elysée, being an intimate friend of both President and Madame Carnot. A native of the pretty Provençal town of Montélimar, he first made his reputation at the provincial Bar. He is forty-five years of age, short and stout of figure, and with a strong Southern accent. A reputation for political honesty and simple-mindedness makes him popular with the Radicals, but the success of his administration will probably depend upon his colleagues.

Among the members of the new French Cabinet only two, Godefroy Cavaignac and M. Ricard, have not yet been in office. M. Cavaignac is, comparatively speaking, a young man, being only thirty-eight years of age. The son of General Cavaignac and grandson of the Revolutionary Conventionnel of that name, Godefroy, when still a schoolboy, made a considerable sensation by refusing to take a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial. He was one of the youngest volunteer soldiers in the Franco-German War, and was awarded the military medal for signal bravery on the field of battle. Although a civil engineer by profession, M. de Cavaignac has always played a part in politics, and was during a short time in 1885 Under-Secretary of War in the Brisson Cabinet.

M. Ricard is one of the most popular personalities of the French Chamber. His white hair makes him look older than he is, and gives him a somewhat venerable appearance. He is supposed to be learned in religious jurisprudence, and goes by the nickname of "Archbishop of Rome."

Our portrait of Lord Willoughby de Broke is from a photograph by Dickinson and Foster, 114, New Bond Street, W.



THE ROSSINI CENTENARY: HOUSE AT PÉSARO IN WHICH ROSSINI WAS BORN, FEB. 29, 1792.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

There is a peculiar pathos attaching to the fact that on Saturday, Feb. 27, the Queen visited the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence in the Memorial Chapel, Windsor. The Prince, it will be remembered, was to have been married on the 27th.

The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Albany, went at noon to the mausoleum. The castle guard, which was changing at the time, saluted as her Majesty and the Princess stopped at the cloister door. Alighting from the carriage, the Queen and the Duchess of Albany walked into the chapel, and there arranged a beautiful chaplet of arum lilies, white camellias, and hyacinths near the coffin containing the body of the Prince. A similar wreath was laid at the sarcophagus of the late Duke of Albany.

The coffin in which the remains of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale are enclosed lies upon a bier standing in the middle of the chapel, between the Prince Consort's sarcophagus and the tomb of the Duke of Albany, the spot where it was deposited immediately after the funeral. It is draped with the silk ensign which served as a pall on that occasion, and is shaded from the light which streams through the painted side windows of the chapel by several palms brought from the Frogmore conservatories. The ducal crown and gold-embossed crimson velvet cushion adorn the lid, upon which replicas in artificial flowers of the affectionate tributes laid upon the coffin at the funeral by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck have likewise been placed.

Her Majesty is to hold a Court in the White Drawing-room at Windsor Castle before her departure for the Continent, in order that she may receive, "on the Throne," the Convocation of Cambridge University address of condolence on the death of the Duke of Clarence.

The Princess of Wales, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, stayed at Compton Place, Eastbourne, until March 3, when they came to Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales returning to Sandringham to meet the Princess. Their Royal Highnesses will remain at Marlborough House until they go to the Riviera.

Mr. Gladstone has returned from the Riviera full of health and vigour. He was received at Charing Cross Station by a great throng of his friends and admirers, who were much delighted by his extraordinary vitality. From the station Mr. Gladstone, with his appetite for public business more imperious than any other, drove straight to the House of Commons, where he had a tumultuous welcome from his supporters. The amenities of public life were gracefully represented by Mr. Chaplin, who was among the foremost to tender cordial congratulations to the leader of the Opposition.

Parliamentary business is in a backward state, simply because the House of Commons is thinking a good deal more about the dissolution than about its work. Already there is a rumour of morning sittings. The Estimates have not made much progress, and a Scotch money Bill, after occupying the House for an entire evening, was found to be leading an irregular life, and will have to be discussed all over again. A measure for the reform of Scotch and Irish Private Bill procedure has been introduced; the Shop Hours Regulation Bill, and a Tramway Bill promoted by the London County Council, have been read a second time; it has been decided that public meetings are not improper in public school-rooms, and that the House ought to sit later than usual on Ash Wednesday. All this is not very promising for the Government programme, especially as the Irish Local Government Bill grows a more formidable undertaking every day.

The London County Council elections are consuming a vast amount of oratory. At St. James's Hall the Moderates had the advantage of Sir Henry James's advocacy, and Mr. Finlay protested against Socialistic experiments. The same long-suffering place has echoed with the protestations of Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley that the Progressives are the benefactors of the Metropolis. Lord Rosebery disclaims any personal interest in the struggle, though he is a candidate for East Finsbury, and, when he is not haranguing vast assemblies, he goes about like Haroun al Raschid. One evening he was discovered at a meeting in St. Pancras disguised as a ratepayer and helping to move benches. The explanation of these curious proceedings is that Lord Rosebery feels the shadow of the Foreign Office pressing heavily upon him. With the thought that he may be called on to cope with the Muscovite and to cajole the Grand Turk, how can he daily lightly with gas and water and the propriety of music-halls?

There will be a surprising number of parties in the next County Council. According to the designations of the candidates, there are Moderates, Progressives, Liberals, Liberal-Unionists, Conservatives, Radicals, Socialists, Independents, Labour, Labour-Progressives, and one Independent Moderate. This is an embarrassing variety for the elector, who may find the distinction between a Labour candidate and a Labour-Progressive the absorbing study of a lifetime, varied by excursions into the question whether Sunday bands in the parks under the control of the County Council are among the greatest iniquities of modern times.

What with the County Council elections and the preliminary trumpetings of the General Election, the citizen has ample opportunities of disquiet. When he is not favoured with precise information as to the real responsibility for the abandonment of the coal dues and the imminent increase of the rates, he is tossed on a sea of recrimination with Mr. Jackson at Leeds, or Mr. Morley at Reading, or Mr. Goschen at Epsom, or Sir William Harcourt at Blackheath. If he is so incantations as to approach Charing Cross Station without inquiry, he finds himself in the midst of an excited throng, who are hailing Mr. Gladstone's return to London. If he rushes out of town to seek repose in some northern county, say Lancashire, he discovers that enthusiastic Tories are preparing to present Mr. Balfour with an emblematic shield, which, no doubt, will protect the First Lord of the Treasury from the slings and arrows of an outrageous Opposition.

Who will deliver us from the despotism of the London

water companies? Mr. Archibald Dobbs is a redoubtable champion, but he cannot save every citizen from the clutches of these corporations. A metropolitan magistrate, Mr. Curtis-Bennett, has delivered his mind rather freely. He had to deal with a case of a householder who was called on to pay not only his own water rate, but that of the previous occupier. When he declined to accept this charge, the water was cut off. Mr. Bennett declared that this power of cutting off the supply of a necessary of life ought to be taken from the water companies. This is true enough, but how many years will it take to effect this reform?

We are threatened by a coal famine of the most serious proportions. In order to force the coal owners to maintain the present standard of wages and forego certain contemplated reductions, the Miners' Federation propose to throw 400,000 miners out of work. As the colliery proprietors contend that a reduction of wages is made necessary by the fall in prices, the Federation will meet this argument by stopping the output and forcing prices up. Already there is an alarming rise in the market, and many industries are in peril of paralysis. Such an emergency demands compulsory arbitration, for the whole country cannot be made the victim of a feud between the miners and their employers.

One of the peculiar perils of some manufacturing districts in the North of England has been, in former years, the blowing-up of huge steam-engine boilers; another is the fall of towering, slenderly built brick chimneys, a sad instance of which took place in the West Riding of Yorkshire on Wednesday, Feb. 24, killing more than a dozen working people. It was at Cleckheaton, a small town between Bradford and Dewsbury, where the machine-factory of Messrs. Thornton,

much opposition, in spite of the support accorded to it by a majority of the Oxford Town Council. There is no reason why the statue, if a memorial of Newman must take that form, should not be erected in London or Birmingham, though one too zealous Protestant writes to the papers to say that no statue of a Roman Catholic prelate who seceded from the Anglican Church ought to be tolerated anywhere in England.

In the painful case in which Mrs. Montagu is charged with almost incredible cruelty to her children, the accused has been committed for trial. The magisterial inquiry disclosed some extraordinary testimony. One of the children is dead, and it is asserted that the others, all of tender years, were treated with systematic inhumanity, on the plea that it was necessary for the good of their souls.

The German Emperor has once more created a deep sensation in European political circles. On Feb. 24, being present at the annual banquet of the Brandenburger Diet, he delivered a speech which was quite as startling as any his Majesty has yet made. After expressing the pleasure he felt at being in the midst of his faithful Brandenburger, the German Emperor went on to deplore the fact that there are people in Germany who are constantly grumbling and finding fault with whatever the Government does. Let those grumblers shake the dust of Germany from their feet, and then they will be satisfied, and, at the same time, render their countrymen a service. Such was the advice the German Emperor gave to the discontented Germans. As for himself, he is convinced that whatever he does is right, and that those who oppose him are bound to be defeated. "My course is the right one," said he, "and I shall continue to steer it."

The French Ministerial crisis has been ended by the formation of a Cabinet, which is the old one patched up. After M. de Freycinet, M. Rouvier, and M. Bourgeois had unsuccessfully tried their hands at Cabinet-making, M. Loubet managed to form an Administration composed of himself as Premier and Minister of the Interior, M. de Freycinet as Minister of War, M. Ribot as Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Rouvier as Minister of Finance, and M. Bourgeois as Minister of Public Instruction. The other portfolios are held by M. Ricard (Justice), M. Cavaignac (Marine), M. Deville (Agriculture), M. Roche (Commerce), and M. Viette (Public Works).

M. Loubet, the Premier, is a barrister, of Montélimar, a Senator, and a former Minister of Public Works, a post he occupied for a few months under M. Tirard, some five years ago. There are two remarkable features in the new Ministry. The first, which strikes the observer at once, is that M. Constans, the strong man of French politics, has been left out; the other, equally curious if less apparent, is that, although M. Loubet is Prime Minister, the Premiership is virtually held in commission by M. de Freycinet, M. Ribot, and M. Bourgeois, who took advantage of the crisis to get rid of a hated rival—namely, M. Constans. It goes without saying that M. Constans is very angry, and that he will leave no stone unturned to take his revenge at the earliest opportunity. With such an adversary, and considering that the Loubet Cabinet is not looked upon very favourably by the French people, it would be rash to say that it is likely to last. I certainly think that it is not worth many months' purchase. The May Day demonstrations may prove in an unpleasant manner how unwise it was to oust M. Constans just at this moment, and bring about the fall of M. Loubet and his colleagues.

A rather serious matter in connection with French politics is that a dead end seems to be made against President Carnot, who is reproached with dilatoriness and want of judgment during the crisis, and accused of being too much under the influence of General Bruyère, the Chief of the Presidential Military Household. There is even a talk of bringing the matter under the notice of the Chamber, than which nothing could be more unwise and even unpatriotic.

The Parisians have been celebrating with great enthusiasm the centenary of the birth of Rossini, who had made Paris his home, and whom Paris and France had adopted as a favourite son. The most noteworthy incident of the commemoration, however, was the concert given at the house of Alboni, the great artist, who sang several pieces from "Il Barbiere," "Mosè," and "Cenerentola," before the most distinguished fashionable, artistic, and literary circle of guests gathered together for the occasion.

In Vienna as in Berlin there have been demonstrations by the unemployed; but, contrary to what took place in the German capital, they passed off without giving rise to serious disturbances. Bread was given to the unemployed at the office of a Socialist paper, and the Burgomaster of Vienna has caused to be distributed a sum of 1000 florins in the districts inhabited by the poorest artisans. Genuine sympathy with the suffering poor is felt by the Viennese, who are giving quantities of clothing and large sums of money for the relief of the unemployed. The Emperor has contributed a sum of 5000 florins.

On Feb. 29 the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States with regard to the Behring Sea were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. A treaty settling the points to be submitted to arbitration was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and Mr. Blaine. Of course, this treaty will have to be ratified by the British Parliament and the Senate of the United States; but the approval by both these Assemblies of that diplomatic instrument may be taken for granted. Curiously enough, on the same day, the United States Supreme Court gave judgment in the W. P. Sayward case, which arose out of the seizure by a United States revenue cutter of the W. P. Sayward, a Canadian sealing vessel, in the Behring Sea, five years ago. The owners protested against the seizure, but the Alaska Court decided against them.

What curious incidents may occur in the brief space of a week! Seven days after he was tried before the Greek Chamber of Deputies for alleged acts of maladministration, and acquitted, M. Triconpis was summoned by the King, and entrusted with the task of forming a Ministry! A Ministerial crisis had occurred during the short interval, and M. Delyannis and his colleagues were compelled to retire. Details are wanting; but the financial situation was, no doubt, the cause of the crisis.



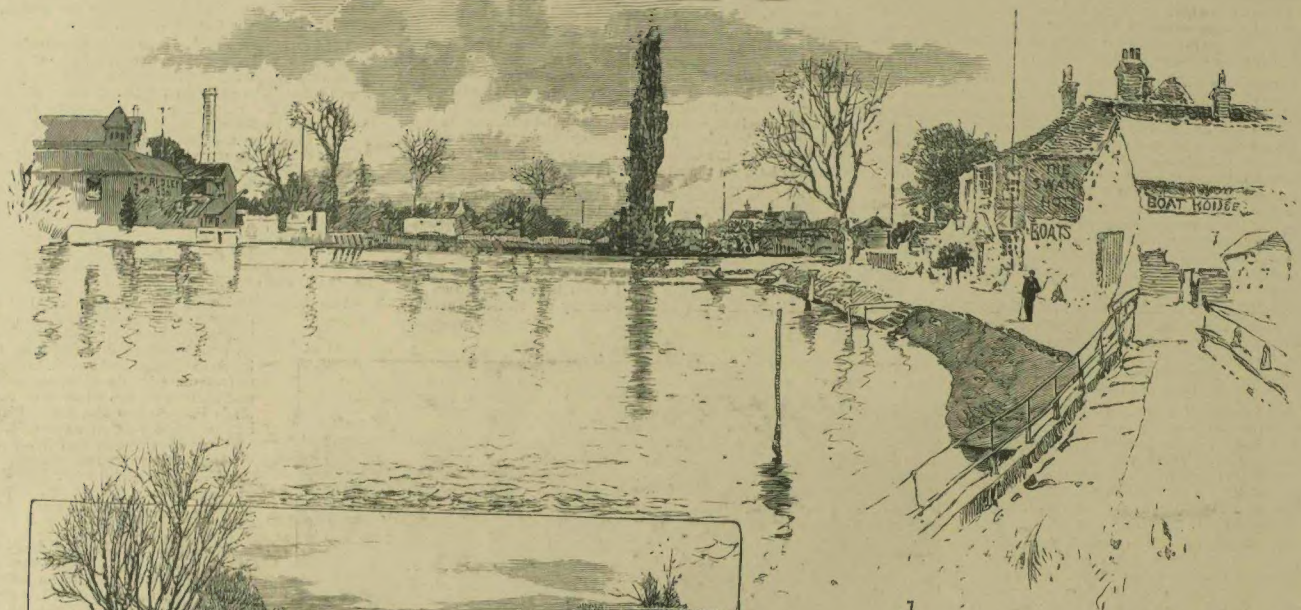
FALL OF A FACTORY CHIMNEY AT CLECKHEATON, NEAR BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

Brothers stands, adjoining that of Messrs. Barraclough, woollen-spinners and flannel-weavers. The former had a chimney 150 ft. high, which was sound in the shaft, but its bottom part wanted repair from being somewhat burned out by the furnace fire. Repairs were in hand, and it was not thought unsafe; but down it fell upon the roof of Barraclough's mill, crashing through four storeys, carrying down the floors, machinery, men, women, and girls. Eight girls or women, lying dead in the ruins, were found the same evening; others have since been discovered.

Lord Wantage's Committee has reported on the condition of the Army. The recommendations practically correspond with the reforms which have been urged by Mr. Hanbury and others for years. For instance, it is suggested that recruits will be attracted by a clear seven shillings a week's pay without any compulsory stoppages, by a liberal allowance of clothing, which should remain the soldier's property, by the abolition of the charge for "sea kit" to troops sent out to India, by a more generous distribution of good-conduct badges, and by the employment of Army Reserve men and discharged soldiers in garrison work. These are sensible suggestions, and if they are carried out by the War Office we may be relieved in time from the discredit of a home army in which there is not a single effective battalion of infantry.

The War Office proposes to establish a military camp and rifle range in the New Forest, greatly to the disgust of the Verderers, who have protested that the South of England ought to have been ransacked for another site before sacrilegious hands were laid upon their domain. The controversy, if it has done nothing else, has made the general public acquainted with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who has hitherto filled the office of Chief Verderer without that recognition of his services which is due to every distinguished public servant.

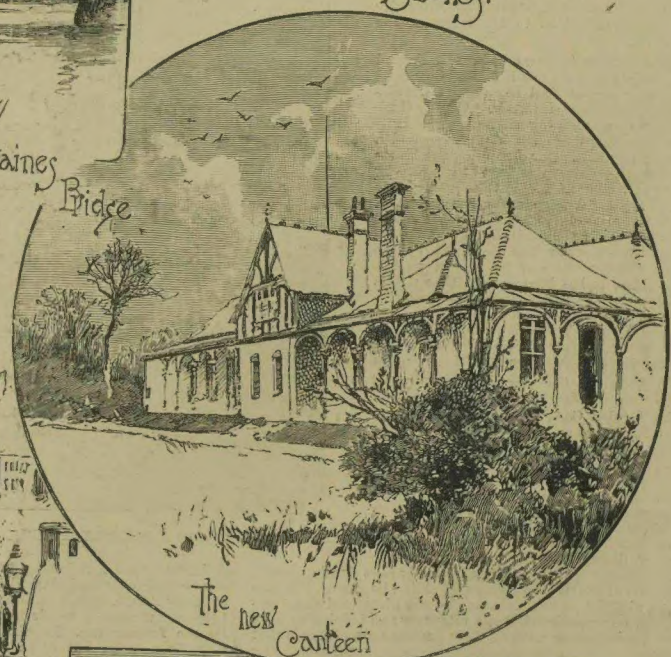
There will be no Newman statue at Oxford. The Duke of Norfolk and his committee have judiciously recognised the inexpediency of persevering with a project which aroused so



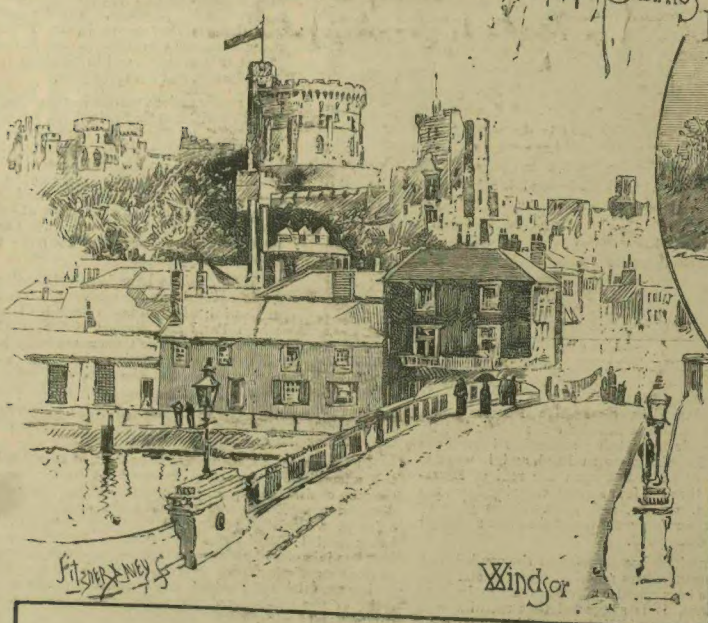
The Stour at Staines.



Staines Bridge

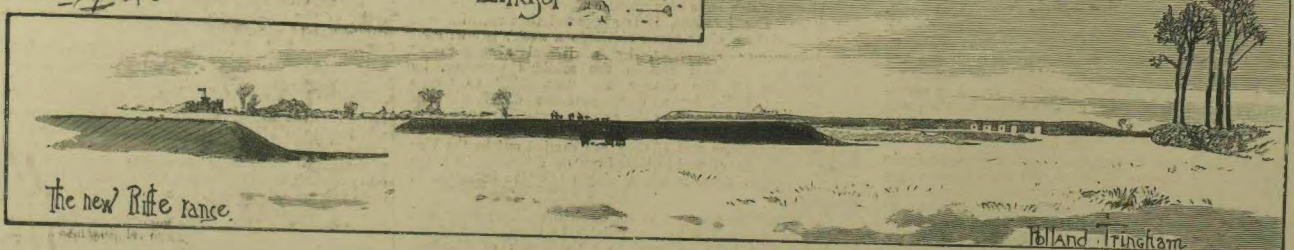


The new Canteen



Staines

Windsor



The new Rifle range.

Island Trincham

THE NEW METROPOLITAN RIFLE RANGES AT STAINES.



The Watcher also was up; but he fell like a falling tree, and was the death of one.

NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

UMSLOPOGAAS BECOMES CHIEF OF THE PEOPLE OF THE AXE.

Now, when Umslopogaas and Jikiza the Unconquered had come to the cattle kraal, they were set in its centre and there were ten paces between them. Umslopogaas was armed with the great shield and the light moon-shaped axe; Jikiza carried the Groan-Maker and a small dancing shield, and, looking at the weapons of the two, people thought that this stranger would furnish no sport to the holder of the axe.

"He is ill armed," said an old man, "it should be otherwise—large axe, small shield. Jikiza is unconquerable, and the big shield will not help this long-legged stranger when Groan-Maker rattles on the buffalo hide." The old man spoke thus in the hearing of Galazi the Wolf, and Galazi thought that he spoke wisely, and sorrowed for the fate of his brother.

Now the word was given, and Jikiza rushed on Umslopogaas, roaring, for his rage was great. But Umslopogaas did not stir till his foe was about to strike, then suddenly he leaped aside, and as Jikiza passed he smote him hard upon the back

with the flat of his axe, making a great sound, for it was not his plan to try to kill Jikiza with this axe. Now a great shout of laughter went up from the hundreds of the people, and the heart of Jikiza nearly burst with rage because of the shame of that blow. Round he came like a bull that is mad, and once more rushed at Umslopogaas, who lifted his shield to meet him. Then, of a sudden, just when the great axe leapt on high, Umslopogaas uttered a cry as of fear, and, turning, fled before the face of Jikiza. Now once more the shout of laughter went up, while Umslopogaas fled swiftly, and after him rushed Jikiza, blind with fury. Round and about the kraal sped Umslopogaas, scarcely a spear's length ahead of Jikiza, and he ran keeping his back to the sun as much as might be, that he might watch the shadow of Jikiza. A second time he sped round, while the people cheered the chase as hunters cheer a dog which pursues a buck. So cunningly did Umslopogaas run, that, though he seemed to reel with weakness in such fashion that men thought his strength was gone, yet he went ever faster and faster, drawing Jikiza after him.

Now, when Umslopogaas knew by the breathing of his foe and by the staggering of his shadow that his strength was spent, suddenly he made as though he were about to fall himself, and stumbled out of the path far to the right, and as he stumbled he let drop his great shield full in the way of Jikiza's feet. Then it came about that Jikiza, rushing blindly on, caught his feet in the shield and fell headlong to earth. Umslopogaas saw, and swooped on him like an eagle on a dove. Before men could so much as think, he had seized the axe Groan-Maker, and with a blow of the steel he held had severed the thong of leather which bound it to the wrist of Jikiza, and had sprung back, holding the great axe aloft, and casting down his own weapon upon the ground. Now, the watchers saw all the cunning of his fight, and those of them who hated Jikiza shouted aloud. But others were silent. Slowly Jikiza gathered himself from the ground, wondering if he were still alive, and as he rose he grasped the little axe of Umslopogaas, and, looking at it, he wept. But Umslopogaas held up the great Groan-Maker, the iron Chieftainess, and examined its curved points of blue steel, the gong that stands behind it, and

the beauty of its haft, bound about with wire of brass, and ending in a knob like the knob of a stick, as a lover looks upon the beauty of his bride. Then before all men he kissed the broad blade and cried aloud—

"Greeting to thee, my Chieftainess, greeting to thee, Wife of my youth, whom I have won in war. Never shall we part, thou and I, and together will we die, thou and I, for I am not minded that others should handle thee when I am gone."

Thus he cried in the hearing of men, then turned to Jikiza, who stood weeping, because he had lost all.

"Where now is your pride, O Unconquered?" laughed Umslopoggas. "Fight on. You are as well armed as I was a while ago, when I did not fear to stand before you."

Jikiza looked at him for a moment, then with a curse he hurled the little axe at him, and, turning, fled swiftly towards the gates of the cattle kraal.

Umslopoggas stooped, and the little axe sped over him. Then he stood for a while watching, and the people thought that he meant to let Jikiza go. But that was not his desire; he waited, indeed, till Jikiza had covered nearly half the space between him and the gate, then with a roar he leaped forward, as light leaps from a cloud, and so fast did his feet fly that the watchers scarcely could see them move. Jikiza fled fast also, yet he seemed but as one who stands still. Now he reached the gate of the kraal, now there was a rush, a light of downward falling steel, and something swept past him. Then, behold! Jikiza fell in the gateway of the cattle kraal, and all saw that he was dead, smitten to death by that mighty axe Groan-Maker, which he and his fathers had held for many years.

A great shout went up from the crowd of watchers when they knew that Jikiza the Unconquered was killed at last, and there were many who hailed Umslopoggas, naming him Chief and Lord of the People of the Axe. But the sons of Jikiza, to the number of ten, great men and brave, rushed on Umslopoggas to kill him. Umslopoggas ran backwards, lifting up the Groan-Maker, when certain counsellors of the people flung themselves in between them, crying, "Hold!"

"Is not this your law, ye counsellors," said Umslopoggas, "that, having conquered the chief of the People of the Axe, I myself am chief?"

"That is our law indeed, Stranger," answered an aged counsellor, "but this also is our law: that now you must do battle, one by one, with all who come against you. So it was in my father's time, when the grandfather of him who now lies dead won the axe, and so it must be again to-day."

"I have nothing to say against the rule," said Umslopoggas. "Now, who is there who will come up against me to do battle for the axe Groan-Maker and the chieftainship of the People of the Axe?"

Then all the ten sons of Jikiza stepped forward as one man, for their hearts were mad with wrath because of the death of their father and because the chieftainship had gone from their race, so that in truth they cared little if they lived or died. But there were none besides these, for all men feared to stand before Umslopoggas and the Groan-Maker.

Umslopoggas counted them. "There are ten, by the head of Chaka!" he cried. "Now, if I must fight all these one by one, no time will be left to me this day to talk of the matter of Masilo and of the maid Zinita. Hearken! What say you, sons of Jikiza the Conquered? If I find one other to stand beside me in the fray, and all of you come on at once against us twain, ten against two, to slay us or be slain, will that be to your minds?"

The brethren consulted together, and held that so they should be in better case than if they went up one by one. "So be it," they said, and the counsellors assented.

Now, as he fled round and round, Umslopoggas had seen the face of Galazi, his brother, in the throng, and knew that he hungered to share the fight. So he called aloud that he whom he should choose, and who would stand back to back with him in the fray, if victory were theirs, should be the first after him among the People of the Axe. And as he called, he walked slowly down the line scanning the faces of all, till he came to where Galazi stood leaning on the Watcher.

"Here is a great fellow who bears a great club," said Umslopoggas. "How are you named, fellow?"

"I am named Wolf," said Galazi.

"Say, now, Wolf, are you willing to stand back to back with me in this fray of two against ten? If victory is ours, you shall be next to me among this people."

"Better I love the wild woods and the mountain's breast than the kraals of men and the kiss of wives, Axebearer," answered Galazi. "Yet, because you have shown yourself a warrior of might, and to taste again of the joy of battle, I will stand back to back with you, Axebearer, and see this matter ended."

"A bargain, Wolf!" cried Umslopoggas, and they walked side by side—a mighty pair!—till they came to the centre of the cattle kraal. All there looked on them wondering, and it came into the thoughts of some that these were none other than the Wolf-Brethren who dwelt upon the Ghost Mountain.

"Now axe Groan-Maker and club Watcher are come together, Galazi," said Umslopoggas as they walked, "and I think that few can stand before them."

"Some shall find it so," answered Galazi. "At the least, the fray will be merry, and what matter how frays end?"

"Ay," said Umslopoggas, "victory is good, but death ends all and is best of all."

Then they spoke of the fashion in which they should fight, and Umslopoggas looked curiously at the axe he carried, and at the point on its hammer, balancing it in his hand. When he had looked long, the pair took their stand back to back in the centre of the kraal, and people saw that Umslopoggas held the axe in a new fashion, its curved blade being inwards towards his breast, and the hollow point turned towards the foe. The ten brethren gathered themselves together, shaking their assegais; five of them stood before Umslopoggas and five before Galazi the Wolf. They were all great men, made fierce with rage and shame.

"Now nothing except witchcraft can save these two," said a counsellor to one who stood by him.

"Yet there is virtue in the axe," answered the other, "and for the club, it seems that I know it: I think it is named Watcher of the Fords, and woe to those who stand before the Watcher. I myself have seen him aloft when I was young; moreover, these are no cravens who hold the axe and club. They are but lads, indeed, yet they have drunk wolf's milk."

Meanwhile, an aged man drew near to speak the word of onset; it was that same man who had set out the law to Umslopoggas. He must give the signal by throwing up a spear, and when it struck the ground, then the fight should begin. The old man took the spear and threw it, but his hand was weak, and he cast so clumsily that it fell among the sons of Jikiza, who stood before Umslopoggas, causing them to open up to let it pass between them, and drawing the eyes of all ten of them to it. But Umslopoggas watched for the touching of the spear only, being careless where it touched. As the point of it kissed the earth, he said a word, and lo! Umslopoggas and Galazi, not waiting for the onslaught of the ten, as men had thought they must, sprang forward, each at the line of foes who were

before him. While the ten still stood confused, for it had been their plan to attack, the Wolf-Brethren were on them. Groan-Maker was up, but as for no great stroke. He did but peck, as a bird pecks with his bill, and yet a man dropped dead. The Watcher also was up; but he fell like a falling tree, and was the death of one. Through the lines of the ten passed the Wolf-Brethren in the gaps that each had made. Then they turned swiftly and charged towards each other again; again Groan-Maker pecked, again the Watcher thundered, and lo! once more Umslopoggas and Galazi stood back to back unhurt, but before them lay four men dead.

The onslaught and the return were so swift that men scarcely understood what had been done; even those of the sons of Jikiza who were left stared at each other wondering. Then they knew that they were but six, for four of them were dead. With a shout of rage they rushed upon the pair from both sides, but in either case one was the most eager, and outstepped the other two, and thus it came about that time was stopped the other two, and he came at him alone, before his fellows were at his side. He who came at Umslopoggas drove at him with his spear, but he was not to be caught thus, for he bent his middle sideways, so that the spear only cut his skin, and as he bent topped with the point of the axe at the head of the snifter, dealing death on him.

"Yonder Woodpecker has a bill of steel, and he can use it well," said the counsellor to him who stood by him.

"This is a slaughterer indeed," the man answered, and the people heard the names. Thenceforth they knew Umslopoggas as the Woodpecker, or as *Bulalo*, or the Slaughterer, and by no other names. Now, he who came at Galazi the Wolf rushed on wildly, holding his spear short. But Galazi was cunning in war. He took one step forward to meet him, then, swinging the Watcher backward, he let him fall at the full length of arms and club. The child of Jikiza lifted his shield to catch the blow, but the shield was to the Watcher what a leaf is to the wind. Full on its hide the huge club fell, making a loud sound; the war-shield doubled up like a raw skin, and he who bore it fell crushed to the earth.

Now, for a moment, the four who were left of the sons of Jikiza hovered round the pair, fainting at them from afar, but never coming within reach of axe or club. One threw a spear indeed, and though Umslopoggas leaped aside, and as it sped towards him smote the haft in two with the blade of Groan-Maker, yet its head flew on, wounding Galazi in the flank. Then he who had thrown the spear turned to fly, for his hands were empty, and the others followed swiftly, for the heart was out of them, and they dared to do battle with these two no more.

Thus the fight was ended, and from its beginning till the finish was not longer than the time in which men might count a hundred slowly.

"It seems that none are left for us to kill, Galazi," said Umslopoggas, laughing aloud. "Ah, that was a cunning fight! Ho! you sons of the Unconquered, who run so fast, stay your feet. I give you peace; you shall live to sweep my huts and to plough my fields with the other women of my kraal. Now, counsellors, the fighting is done, so let us to the chief's hut, where Masilo waits us," and he turned and went with Galazi, and after him followed all the people, wondering and in silence.

When he reached the hut Umslopoggas sat himself down in the place where Jikiza had sat that morning, and the maid Zinita came to him with a wet cloth and washed the wound that the spear had made. He thanked her; then she would have washed Galazi's wound also, and that was deeper, but Galazi roughly bade her to let him be, as he would have no woman meddling with his wounds. For neither then nor at any other time did Galazi turn to women, but he hated Zinita most of them all.

Then Umslopoggas spoke to Masilo the Pig, who sat before him with a frightened face, saying, "It seems, O Masilo, that you have sought this maid Zinita in marriage, and against her will, persecuting her. Now, I had intended to kill you as an offering to her anger, but there has been enough blood-letting to-day. Yet you shall give a marriage gift to this girl, whom I myself will take in marriage; you shall give a hundred head of cattle. Then get you gone from among the People of the Axe, lest a worse thing befall you, Masilo the Pig."

So Masilo rose up and went, and his face was green with fear, but he paid the hundred head of cattle and fled towards the kraal of Chaka. Zinita watched him go, and she was glad of it, and because the Slaughterer had named her for his wife.

"I am well rid of Masilo," she said aloud, in the hearing of Galazi, "but I had been better pleased to see him dead before me."

"This woman has a fierce heart," thought Galazi, "and she will bring no good to Umslopoggas, my brother."

Now the counsellors and the captains of the People of the Axe *Konzaad* to him whom they named the Slaughterer, doing homage to him as chief and holder of the axe, and also they did homage to the axe itself. So Umslopoggas became chief over this people, and their number was many, and he grew great and fat in cattle and wives, and none dared to gainsay him. From time to time, indeed, a man ventured to stand up before him in fight, but none could conquer him, and in a little while no one sought to face Groan-Maker when he lifted himself to peck.

Galazi also was great among the people, but dwelt with them little, for best he loved the wild woods and the mountain's breast, and often, as of old, he swept at night across the forest and the plains, and the howling of the ghost-wolves went with him.

But henceforth Umslopoggas the Slaughterer hunted very rarely with the wolves at night; he slept at the side of Zinita, and he loved her much and bore him children.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURSE OF BALEKA.

Now, my father, my story winds back again as a river bends towards its source, and I tell of those events which happened at the king's kraal of Gibamaxagu, which you white people name Gibbelack, the kraal that is called "Pick-out-the-old-men," for it was there that Chaka murdered all the aged who were unfit for war.

After I, Mopo, had stood before the king, and he had given me new wives and fat cattle and a kraal to dwell in, the bones of Unandi, the Great Mother Elephant, Mother of the Heavens, were gathered together from the ashes of my huts, and because all could not be found, some of the bones of my wives were collected also to make up the number. But Chaka never knew this. When all were brought together, a great pit was dug and the bones were set out in order in the pit and buried; but not alone, for round them were placed twelve maidens of the servants of Unandi, and these maidens were covered over with the earth, and left to die in the pit by the bones of Unandi, their mistress. Moreover, all those who were present at the burial were made into a regiment and commanded that they should dwell by the grave for the space

of a year. They were many, my father, but I was not one of them. Also Chaka gave orders that no crops should be sown that year, that the milk of the cows should be spilled upon the ground, and that no woman should give birth to a child for a full year, and that if any should dare to bear children, then that they should be slain and their husbands with them. And this was done, my father, and great sorrow came upon the land.

Then for a little while there was quiet, and Chaka went about heavily, and he wept often, and we who waited on him wept also as we walked, till at length it came about by use that we could weep without ceasing for many hours. No angry woman can weep as we wept in those days; it was an art, my father, for the teaching of which I received many cattle, for woe to him who had no tears in those days. Then it was also that Chaka sent out the captain and fifty soldiers to search for Umslopoggas, for, though he said nothing more to me of this matter, he did not believe all the tale that I had told him of the death of Umslopoggas in the jaws of a lion and the tale of those who were with me. How that company fared at the hands of Umslopoggas and of Galazi the Wolf, and at the fangs of the people black and grey, I have told you, my father. None of them ever came back again. In after days it was reported to the king that these soldiers were missing, never having returned, but he only laughed, saying that the lion which ate Umslopoggas, son of Mopo, was a fierce one, and had eaten them also.

At last came the night of the new moon, that dreadful night to be followed by a more dreadful morrow. I sat in the kraal of Chaka, and he put his arm about my neck and groaned and wept for his mother, whom he had murdered, and I groaned also, but I did not weep, because it was dark, and on the morrow I must weep much in the sight of the king and men. Therefore, I spared my tears, lest they should fail me in my need.

All night long the people drew on from every side towards the kraal, and, as they came in thousands and tens of thousands, they filled the night with their cries, till it seemed as though the whole world were mourning, and loudly. None might cease their crying, and none dared to drink so much as a cup of water. The daylight came, and Chaka rose, saying, "Come, let us go forth, Mopo, and look on those who mourn with us." So we went out, and after us came men armed with clubs to do the bidding of the king.

Outside the kraal the people were gathered, and their number was countless as the leaves upon the trees. On every side the land was black with them, as at times the yeld is black with game. When they saw the king they ceased from their howling and sang the war-song, then once again they howled, and Chaka walked among them weeping. Now, my father, the sight became dreadful, for, as the sun rose higher the day grew hot, and utter weariness came upon the people, who were packed together like herds of cattle, and, though oxen slain in sacrifice lay around, they might neither eat nor drink. Some fell to the ground and were trampled to death, others took much snuff to make them weep, others stained their eyes with saliva, others walked to and fro, their tongues hanging from their jaws, while groans broke from their parched throats.

"Now, Mopo, we shall learn who are the wizards that have brought these ills upon us," said the king, "and who are true-hearted men."

As he spoke we came upon a man, a chief of renown. He was named Zwaumbana, chief of the Amabovus, and with him were his wives and followers. This man could keep no mirth; he gasped with thirst and heat. The king looked at him.

"See, Mopo," he said, "see that brute who has no tears for my mother who is dead! Oh, the monster without a heart! Shall such as he live to look upon the sun, while I and thou must weep, Mopo? Never! never! Take him away, and all those who are with him! Take them away, the people without hearts, who do not weep because my mother is dead by witchcraft!"

And Chaka walked on weeping, and I followed also weeping, but the chief Zwaumbana and those with him were all slain by those who do the bidding of the king, and the slayers also must weep as they slew. Presently we came upon another man, who, seeing the king, took snuff secretly to bring tears to his eyes. But the glance of Chaka was quick, and he noted it.

"Look at him, Mopo," he said, "look at the wizard who has no tears, though my mother is dead by witchcraft. See, he takes snuff to bring tears to his eyes that are dry with wickedness. Take him away, the heartless brute! Oh, take him away!"

So this one also was killed, and these were but the first of thousands, for presently Chaka grew mad with wickedness, with fury, and with the lust of blood. He walked to and fro weeping, going now and again into his hut to drink beer, and I with him, for he said that we who sorrowed must have food. And ever as he walked he would wave his arm or his assegai, saying, "Take them away, the heartless brutes, who do not weep because my mother is dead," and those who chanced to stand before him were killed, till at length the slayers could slay no more, and themselves were slain, because their strength had failed them, and they had no more tears. And I also, I must slay, lest if I slew not I should myself be slain.

And now, at length, the people also went mad with their thirst and the fury of their fear. They fell upon each other, killing each other; every man who had a foe sought him out and killed him. None were spared, the place was but a shambles; there on that day died full seven thousand men, and still Chaka walked weeping among them, saying, "Take them away, the heartless brutes, take them away!" Yet, my father, there was cunning in his cruelty, for though he destroyed many for sport alone, also he slew on this day all those whom he hated or whom he feared.

At length the night came down, the sun sank red that day, all the sky was like blood, and blood was all the earth beneath. Then the killing ceased, because none had now the strength to kill, and the people lay panting in heaps upon the ground, the living and the dead together. I looked at them, and saw that if they were not allowed to eat and drink, before day dawned again the most of them would be dead, and I spoke to the king, for I cared little in that hour if I lived or died; even my hope of vengeance was forgotten in the sickness of my heart.

"A mourning indeed, O King," I said, "a merry mourning for true-hearted men, but for wizards a mourning such as they do not love. I think that thy sorrows are avenged, O King, thy sorrows and mine also."

"Not so, Mopo," answered the king, "this is but the beginning; our mourning was merry to-day, it shall be merrier to-morrow."

"To-morrow, O King, few will be left to mourn; for the land will be swept of men."

"Why, Mopo, son of Makedama? But a few have perished of all the thousands who are gathered together. Number the people and they will not be missed."

"But a few have died beneath the assegai and the kerrie, O King. Yet hunger and thirst shall finish the spear's work. The people have neither eaten nor drunk for a day and a night, and for a day and a night they have wailed and moaned."

Look without, Black One, there they lie in heaps with the dead. By to-morrow's light they also will be dead or dying."

Now, Chaka thought awhile and he saw that the work would go too far, leaving him but a small people over whom to rule.

"It is hard, Mopo," he said, "that thou and I must mourn alone over our woes while these dogs feast and make merry. Yet, because of the gentleness of my heart, I will deal gently with them. Go out, son of Makedama, and bid my children eat and drink, if they have the heart, for this mourning is ended. Scarcely will Unandi, my mother, sleep well, seeing that so little blood has been shed upon her grave—surely her spirit will haunt my dreams. Yet, because of the gentleness of my heart, I declare this mourning ended. Let my children eat and drink, if, indeed, they have the heart."

"Happy are the people over whom such a king is set," I said in answer. Then I went out and told the words of Chaka to the chiefs and captains, and those of them who had the voice left to them praised the goodness of the king. But the most gave over sucking the dew from their sticks, and rushed to the water like cattle that have wandered five days in the desert, and drank their fill. Some of them were trampled to death in the water.

Afterwards I slept as I might best: it was not well, my father, for I knew that Chaka was not yet glutted with slaughter.

"On the morrow many of the people went back to their homes, having sought leave from the king, others drew away the dead to the place of bones, and yet others were sent out in imps to kill such as had not come to the mourning of the king. When midday was passed, Chaka said that he would walk, and ordered me and other of his indunas and servants to walk with him. We went on in silence, the king leaning on my shoulder as on a stick. "What of thy people, Mopo," he said at length, "what of the Langeni tribe? Were they at my mourning? I did not see them."

Then I answered that I did not know; they had been summoned, but the way was long and the time short for so many to march so far.

"Dogs should run swiftly when their master calls," Mopo, my servant," said Chaka, and the dreadful light came into his eyes that never shone in the eyes of any other man. Then I grew sick at heart, my father—ay, though I loved my people little, and they had driven me away, I grew sick at heart. Now we had come to a spot where there is a grant rift of black rock, and the name of that rift is U'Donga-la-ka-Patiyana. On either side of this rift the ground slopes steeply down towards its yawning lips, and from its end a man may see the open country. Here Chaka sat down at the end of the rift, pondering. Presently he looked up and saw a vast multitude of men, women, and children, who would like a snake across the plain beneath towards the kral (tibamaxen).

"Methinks, Mopo," said the king, "that by the colour of their shields, yonder should be the Langeni tribe—thine own people, Mopo."

"It is my people, O King," I answered.

Then Chaka sent messengers, running swiftly, and bade them summon the Langeni people to him where he sat. Other messengers he sent also to the kral, whispering in their ears, but what he said I did not know then.

Now, for a while, Chaka watched the long black snake of men winding towards him across the plain till the messengers met them and the snake began to climb the slope of the hill.

"How many are these people of thine, Mopo?" asked the king.

"I know not, O Elephant," I answered, "who have not seen them for many years. Perhaps they number three full regiments."

"Nay, more," said the king; "what thinkest thou, Mopo, would this people of thine fill the rift behind us?" and he nodded at the gulf of stone.

Now, my father, I trembled in all my flesh, seeing the purpose of Chaka; but I could find no words to say, for my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"The people are many," said Chaka, "yet, Mopo, I bet thee fifty head of cattle that they will not fill the donga."

"The king is pleased to jest," I said.

"Yea, Mopo, I jest; yet as a jest take thou the bet."

"As the king wills," I murmured—who could not refuse.

Now the people of my tribe drew near: at their head was an old man, with white hair and beard, and, looking at him, I knew him for my father, Makedama. When he came within earshot of the king, he gave him the royal salute of

"The way was far, O King," answered Makedama, my father, who did not know me. "The way was far, and the time short. Moreover, the women and the children grew weary and footsore, and they are weary in this hour."

"Speak not of it, Makedama, my child," said the king. "Surely thy heart mourned and that of thy people, and soon they shall rest from their weariness. Say, are they here every one?"

"Every one, O Elephant!—none are wanting. My kraal are desolate, the cattle wander untended on the hills, birds pick at the unguarded crops."

"It is well, Makedama, thou faithful servant! Yet thou wouldst mourn with me an hour—is it not so? Now, harken! Bid thy people pass to the right and to the left of me, and stand in all their numbers upon the slopes of the grass that run down to the lips of the rift."

So Makedama, my father, bade the people do the bidding of the king, for neither he nor the indunas saw his purpose, but I, who knew his wicked heart, I saw it. Then the people filed past to the right and to the left by hundreds and by thousands, and presently the grass of the slopes could be seen no more, because of their number. When all had passed, Chaka, spoke again to Makedama, my father, bidding him climb down to the bottom of the rift, and thence lift up his voice in mourning. The old man obeyed the king. Slowly, and with much pain, he clambered to the bottom of the rift and stood there. It was so deep and narrow that the light scarcely seemed to reach to where he stood, for I could only see the white of his hair gleaming far down in the shadows.

Then, standing far beneath, he lifted up his voice, and it reached the thousands of those who clustered upon the slopes. It seemed still and small, yet it came to them faintly like the voice of one speaking from a mountain-top in a time of snow—

"Mourn, children of Makedama—"

And all the thousands of the people—men, women and children—echoed his words in a thunder of sound, crying—

"Mourn, children of Makedama—"

Again he cried—

"Mourn, people of the Langeni, mourn with the whole world!"

And the thousands answered—

"Mourn, people of the Langeni, mourn with the whole world!"

A third time came his voice—

"Mourn, children of Makedama, mourn people of the Langeni, mourn with the whole world!"

"Howl, ye warriors; weep, ye women; beat your breasts, ye maidens; sob, ye little children!"

"Drink of the water of tears, cover yourselves with the dust of affliction."

"Mourn, O tribe of the Langeni, because the Mother of the Heavens is no more."

"Mourn, children of Makedama, because the Spirit of Fruitfulness is no more."

"Mourn, O ye people, because the Lion of the Zulu is left desolate."

"Let your trays fall as the rain falls, let your cries be as the cries of women who bring forth."

"For sorrow is fallen like the rain, the world has conceived and brought forth death."

"Let the darkness be upon us, darkness and the shadow of death."

"The Lion of the Zulu wanders and wanders in desolation, because the Mother of the Heavens is no more."

"Who shall bring him comfort? There is comfort in the crying of his children."

"Mourn, people of the Langeni; let the voice of your mourning beat against the skies and rend them."

"On-ai! On-ai! On-ai!"

Thus sang the old man, my father Makedama, far down in the depths of the cleft. He sang it in a still, small voice, but, line after line, his song was caught up by the thousands who stood on the slopes above, and thundered to the heavens till the mountains shook with its sound. Moreover, the noise of their crying opened the bosom of a heavy rain-cloud that had gathered as they mourned, and the rain fell in great slow drops, as though the sky also wept, and with the rain came lightning and the roll of thunder.

Chaka listened, and large tears coursed down his cheeks,



They began to fall in a torrent of men, women, and children, far back into the black depths below.

Bayé, and fell upon his hands and knees, crawling towards him, and kissed to the king, praising him as he came. All the thousands of the people also fell upon their hands and knees, and praised the king aloud, and the sound of their praising was like the sound of a great thunder.

At length Makedama, my father, writhing on his breast like a snake, lay before the majesty of the king. Chaka bade him rise, and greeted him kindly; but all the thousands of the people yet lay upon their breasts beating the dust with their heads.

"Rise, Makedama, my child, father of the people of the Langeni," said Chaka, "and tell me why art thou late in coming to my mourning?"

whose heart was easily stirred by the sound of song. Now the rain-blessed flutes, making as it were, a curtain about the thousands of the people; but still their cry went up through the rain, and the thunder was lost in it. Presently there came a hush, and I looked to the right. There, above the heads of the people, coming over the brow of the hill, were the plumes of warriors, and in their hands gleamed a hedge of spears. I looked to the left; dimly through the falling rain there also I saw the plumes of warriors, and in their hands a hedge of spears. I looked before me, towards the end of the cleft; there also loomed the plumes of warriors, and in their hands was a hedge of spears.

Then from all the people there arose another cry, a cry of terror and of agony.

"Ah! now they mourn indeed, Mopo," said Chaka in my ear; "now they people mourn from the heart and not with the lips alone."

As he spoke the multitudes of the people on either side of the cleft surged forward like a wave, surged back again, once more surged forward, then, with a dreadful crying, driven on by the merciless spears of the soldiers, they began to fall in a torrent of men, women, and children, far into the black depths below.

My father, forgive me the tears that fall from these blind eyes of mine; I am very aged, I am but as a little child, and as a little child I weep. I cannot tell it. At last it was done, and all grew still.

Thus was Make-dama buried beneath the bodies of his people, and thus was ended the tribe of the Langeni; as my mother had dreamed, so it came about; and thus did Chaka take vengeance for that cup of milk which was refused to him many a year before.

"Thou hast not won thy bet, Mopo," said the king presently. "See here is a little space where one more may find room to sleep. Pull to the brim is this corn-chamber with the ears of death, in which no living grain is left. Yet there is one little space, and is there not one to fill it? Are all the tribe of the Langeni dead indeed?"

"There is one, O King!" I answered. "I am of the tribe of the Langeni, let my carcase fill the place."

"Nay, Mopo, nay! Who then should take the bet? Moreover, I slay thee not, for it is against my oath. Also, do we not mourn together, thou and I?"

"There is no other left living of the tribe of the Langeni, O King! The bet is lost; it shall be paid."

"I think that there is another," said Chaka. "There is a sister to thee and me, Mopo. Ah, see, she comes!"

I looked up, my father, and I saw this: I saw Baleka, my sister, walking towards us, and on her shoulders was a kaross of wild-cat skins, and behind her were two soldiers. She walked proudly, holding her head high, and her step was like the step of a queen. Now she saw the sight of death, for the dead lay before her like black water in a sunless pool. A moment she stood shivering, having guessed all, then walked on and stood before Chaka.

"What is thy will with me, O King?" she said.

"Thou art come in a good hour, sister," said Chaka, turning his eyes from hers. "It is thus: Mopo, my servant and thy brother, made a bet with me, a bet of cattle. It was a little matter that we wagered on—as to whether the people of the Langeni tribe—thine own tribe, Baleka, my sister—would fill yonder place, U'Donga-ju-ka-Tatiyana. When they heard of the bet, my sister, the people of the Langeni hurried themselves into the rift by thousands, being eager to put the matter to the proof. And now it seems that thy brother has lost the bet, for there is yet place for one yonder ere the rift is full. Then my sister, thy brother Mopo brought it to my mind that there was still one of the Langeni tribe left upon the earth, who, should she sleep in that place, would turn the bet in his favour, and prayed me to send for her. So, my sister, as I would not take that which I have not won, I have done so, and now do thou go apart and talk with Mopo, thy brother, alone upon this matter, as one before thou didst talk when a child was born to thee, my sister!"

Now, Baleka took no heed of the words of Chaka which he spoke of me, for she knew his meaning well. Only she looked him in the eyes and said

"I'll slay thee sleep from this night forth, Chaka, till thou comest to a land where no sleep is. I have spoken."

Chaka saw and heard, and of a sudden he quailed, growing afraid in his heart, and turned his head away.

"Mopo, my brother," said Baleka, "let us speak together for the last time; it is the king's word."

So I drew apart with Baleka, my sister, and a spear was in my hand. We stood together alone by the people of the dead, and Baleka threw the corner of the kaross about her brows and spoke to me swiftly from beneath its shadow.

"What did I say to you a while ago, Mopo? It has come to pass. Swear to me that you will live on and that this same hand of yours shall take vengeance for me."

"I swear it, my sister."

"Swear to me that when the vengeance is done you will

JULIA, LADY PEEL.

Julia, Lady Peel, whose graceful portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence is one of the attractions of the Victorian Exhibition, was one of the most beautiful and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of a distinguished Indian officer, General Sir John Floyd, who, as colonel of the 19th Light Dragoons, had been second in command at the taking of Seringapatam. He was created a baronet in 1816, and in June 1820 his second daughter, Julia, was married to Sir Robert Peel, who two years previously had resigned the Irish Secretaryship in Lord Liverpool's Administration. For some time after his marriage Peel kept aloof from the cabals which raged round the throne after the death of George III.; but on the decease of Castlereagh he returned to office, and from that time until his death, in 1850, was the foremost figure in the House of Commons. His marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and although Lady Peel, as she said of herself, was no politician, she became her husband's most intimate

confidante in all public affairs. The brilliant careers of her numerous family are the best testimony to her devotion as mother, each of her sons having attained distinction in his respective position. Her eldest son, the present Sir Robert Peel, before he turned to political life, was a diplomatist of great promise, and in the House of Commons attained high reputation as a speaker, becoming Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Frederick Peel, the Chief Railway Commissioner, was an able administrator, and, as Secretary to the Treasury, brought about many important financial reforms. Sir William Peel, captain in the Royal Navy, earned the highest praise as Commander of the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol, and again during the Indian Mutiny distinguished himself by his conspicuous bravery. Her youngest son is the present Speaker of the House of Commons, and fills with dignity the important post of the "First Commoner." During her husband's lifetime Lady Peel, at Whitehall Gardens and at Drayton Manor, did the duties of hostess in a manner which excited the warmest admiration of all who were brought in contact with her. M. Guizot, who cannot be regarded as a partial witness, bears testimony to the charm which she shed over her household.

The coldness and reserve which marked Sir Robert Peel in his public life melted away under home influences and in the society of his wife and children. The story of his death has been often told. On July 2, 1850, he left his house in apparently good health, but on returning from the House of Commons, the horse on which he was riding suddenly swerved, and its rider fell heavily. He was able to reach his house, had seemingly rallied, but on meeting

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JULIA, LADY PEEL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, IN THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.

seek out my son Umslopogana if he still lives, and bless him in my name."

"I swear it, my sister."

"Fare you well, Mopo! We have always loved each other much, and now all fades, and it seems to me that once more we are little children playing about the kraals of the Langeni. So may we play again in another land! Now, Mopo"—and she looked at me steadily, and with great eyes—"I am weary. I would join the spirits of my people. I hear them calling in my ears. It is finished."

For the rest, I will not tell it to you, my father.

(To be continued.)

The Manchester Ship Canal, by the directors' latest report, will cost £1,800,000 more than has yet been spent, including the whole of the share capital, £8,000,000, fully paid up, the loan from the Manchester City Corporation, of which £1,500,000 has been received, and £2,000,000 raised by mortgage debentures. The docks at Manchester are completed, and the Salford docks are nearly completed. The total area of land purchased is 4480 acres, costing one million of money.

ing Lady Peel he again swooned, and never perfectly recovered consciousness. Ten days later, when Lord John Russell proposed that a monument should be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of his great rival, he added that the Queen had expressed the wish to confer on Lady Peel the rank of Viscountess, as in the case of Canning's widow. Lady Peel respectfully declined this honour, desiring to bear no other name than that under which her husband had been known, in this conforming to his wishes that no member of his family should be recompensed for the services he might have rendered to his country. Lady Peel survived until 1859, preserving the respect and affection with which she had been regarded throughout her long and useful life. The portrait, of which a reproduction is here given, was painted by Lawrence at the very zenith of his fame, and at the best period of his work. It was exhibited at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1827, with half a dozen other works by the President. The motive of the portrait of Lady Peel was obviously inspired by the "Chapeau de Poil" of Rubens, to which it might serve as a companion picture. In the opinion of contemporary critics it was the most successful of the President's works; and it was not less satisfactory to the Secretary of State. The relations between Sir Robert Peel and Lawrence which arose out of this commission were honourable for both.

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AN AUSTRIAN HEALTH FACTORY (Continued).

I didn't come here to take baths; I only came to look around. But first one person and then another began to throw out hints, and pretty soon I was a good deal concerned about myself. One of these goutees here said I had a gouty look about the eye; next a person who has catarrh of the

lure are dressed like human beings, and so there may be more of them than I imagine. Fifteen priests dressed like these could not attract as much of your attention as would one priest at Aix-les-Bains. You cannot pull your eye loose from the French priest so long as he is in sight, his dress is so fascinatingly ugly.

A SINGULAR CLIMATE.

I seem to be wandering from the subject, but I am not. This is the coldest place I ever saw, and about the wettest too. This August seems like an English November to me. Rain? why it seems to like to rain here. It seems to rain every time there is a chance. You are strictly required to be out airing and exercising whenever the sun is shining; so I hate to see the sun shine, because I hate air and exercise—duty-air and duty-exercise taken for medicine. It seems ungenuine, out of season, degraded to sordid utilities, a subtle spiritual something gone from it which one can't describe in words, but—don't you understand? With that something gone, what is left is but canned air, canned exercise, and you don't want it.

When the sun does shine for a few moments or a few hours, these people swarm out and flock through the streets and over the hills and through the pine woods, and make the most of the chance; and I have flocked out, too, on some of these occasions, but, as a rule, I stay in and try to get warm.

And what is there for means, besides heavy clothing and rugs, and the polished white tomb that stands lofty and heartless in the corner and thinks it is a stove? Of all the creations of human insanity this thing is the most forbidding. Whether it is heating the room or isn't, its expression is the same—cold indifference. You

can't tell which it is doing without going and putting your hand on it. They burn little handfuls of kindlings in it, no substantial wood and no coal.

The fire burns out every fifteen minutes, and there is no way to tell when this has happened. On these dismal days, with the rain steadily falling, it is no better company than a corpse. A roaring hickory fire, with the cordial flames leaping up the chimney—but I must not think of such things, they make a person homesick. This is a most strange place to come to get rid of disease.

That is what you think, most of the time. But in the intervals, when the sun shines, and you are tramping the hills and are comparatively warm, you get to be neutral, maybe even friendly. I went up to the Aussichtsturm the other day. This is a tower which stands on the summit of a steep hemlock mountain here; a tower which there isn't the least use for, because the view is as good at the base of it as it is at the top of it. But Germanic people are just mad for views; they never can get enough of a view. If they owned Mont Blanc they would build a tower on top of it.

The roads up that mountain through that hemlock forest are hard-packed and smooth, and the grades are easy and comfortable. They are for walkers, not for carriages. You move through deep silence and twilight, and you seem to be in a million-columned temple; whether you look up the hill or down it you catch glimpses of distant figures flitting without sound, appearing and disappearing in the dim distances among the stems of the trees, and it is all very spectral and solemn and impressive. Now and then the gloom is accented and sized-up to your comprehension in a striking way: a ray of sunshine finds its way down through, and suddenly calls your attention, for where it falls, far up the hill-slope in the brown duskiness, it lays a stripe that has a glare like lightning. The utter stillness of the forest depths, the soundless hush, the total absence of stir or motion of any kind in leaf or branch, are things which we have no experience of at home, and consequently no name for in our language. At home there would be the plaint of insects and the twittering of birds, and vagrant breezes would quiver the foliage. Here it is the stillness of death. This is what the Germans are for ever talking about, dreaming about, and despairingly trying to catch

and imprison in a poem or a picture or a song—their adored *Waldesamkeit*, loneliness of the woods. But how catch it? It has not a body, it is a spirit. We don't talk about it in America, or dream of it, or sing about it, because we haven't it. Certainly there is something wonderfully alluring about it, beguiling, dreamy, unworldly. Where the gloom is softest and richest and the peace and stillness deepest, far up on the side of that hemlock mountain a spot where Goethe used to sit and dream is marked by a granite obelisk, and on its side

is carved this famous poem, which is the master's idea of the *Waldesamkeit*—

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelin schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur—bald
Ruhest du auch.

It is raining again now; however, it was doing that before. I have been over to the Establishment and had a tub bath with two kinds of pine-juice in it. These fill the room with a pungent and most pleasant perfume, they also turn the water to the colour of ink and cover it with snowy suds two or three inches deep. The bath is cool—about 75 deg. or 80 deg. Fahr.—and there is a cooler shower-bath after it. While waiting in the reception-room all by myself two men came in and began to talk. Politics, literature, religion? No—their ailments. There is no other subject here, apparently. Wherever two or three of these people are gathered together there you have it every time. The first that can get his mouth open contributes his disease and the condition of it, and the others follow with theirs. The two men just referred to were acquaintances, and they followed the custom. One of them was built like a gasometer, and is here to reduce his girth; the other was built like a derrick, and is here to fat up, as they express



One of them was built like a gasometer, and is here to reduce his girth; the other was built like a derrick, and is here to fat up.

intestines asked me if I didn't notice a little dim sort of stomach-ache when I sneezed. I hadn't before, but I did seem to notice it then. A man that's here for heart disease said he wouldn't come downstairs so fast if he had my build and aspect. A person with an old-gold complexion said a man died here in a mud-bath last week that had a petrified liver—good deal such a looking man as I am, and the same initials. And so on and so on.

Of course, there was nothing to be uneasy about, and I wasn't what you may call really uneasy; but I was not feeling very well—that is, not brisk—and I went to bed. I suppose that that was not a good idea, because then they had me. I started in at the supper end of the mill, and went through. I am said to be all right now, and free from disease, but this does not surprise me. What I have been through in these two weeks would free a person of pretty much everything in him that wasn't nailed there—any loose thing, any unattached fragment of bone, or meat, or morals, or disease, or propensities, or accomplishments, or what not. And I don't say but that I feel well enough; I feel better than I would if I were dead, I reckon. And besides, they say that I am going to build up now, and come right along and be all right. I am



You move through deep silence and twilight, and you seem to be in a million-columned temple.

it at this resort. They were well satisfied with the progress they were making. The gasometer had lost a quarter of a ton in ten days, and showed the record with pride on his belt; and he walked briskly across the room, smiling in a vast and luminous way like a harvest moon, and said he couldn't have done that when he arrived here. He buttoned his coat around his equator and showed how loose it was. It was pretty to see his happiness; it was so childlike and honest. He set his feet together and leaned out over his person and proved that he could see them. He said he hadn't seen them from that point before for fifteen years. He had a hand like a boxing-glove, and on one of his fingers he had just found a diamond-ring which he had missed eleven years ago.

The minute the derrick got a chance, he broke in and began to tell how he was piling-on blubber right along—three-quarters of an ounce every four days—and he was still piping away when I was sent for. I left the fat man standing there panting and blowing, and swelling and collapsing like a balloon: his next speech all ready, you see, and urgent for delivery.

The patients are always at that sort of thing, trying to talk each other to death. The fat ones and the lean ones are nearly the worst at it, but not quite; the dyspeptics are the worst. They are at it day and night and all along. They have more symptoms than all the others put together, and so there is more variety of experience, more change of condition, more adventure, and consequently more play for the imagination, more scope for lying, and in every way a bigger field for talk.

(To be continued.)



You can't tell which it is doing without going and putting your hand on it.

not saying anything, but I wish I had enough of my diseases back to make me aware of myself, and enough of my habits to make it worth while to live. To have nothing the matter with you and no habits is pretty tame, pretty colourless. It is just the way a saint feels, I reckon; it is, at least, the way he looks. I never could stand a saint. That reminds me that you see very few priests around here, and yet, as I have already said, this whole big enterprise is owned and managed by a convent. The few priests one does see

LITERATURE.

IN DEFENCE OF FORMALITY.

The Formal Garden in England. By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. (Macmillan.) This is a charming book, and few who take it up but will read it through with delight. One may have an absolute horror of the particular type of gardening of which the author is an advocate, or may be as ignorant of the subject as the veriest town wai; nevertheless, we shall be amused by the illustrations and entertained by the immensely serious advocacy of the entirely unimportant question, "Shall our gardens be given over to the formalists or the landscapists?" Mr. Blomfield leaves us from the beginning in no doubt of his own attitude. "The claims of landscape gardening," he says, "to be the true 'natural style' will not bear investigation. When Addison and Pope sneered at the formal garden and

pretty wit—say Mr. William Archer or Mr. A. D. Walkley—could turn this idea of "The Intruder" into such an appalling drama that the flesh of Mr. G. R. Sims would creep into some hiding-place which would baffle discovery. But when Mr. Hall Caine says the rogue of the novel is over, and that the public want a dramatist who will freeze their unsophisticated blood with invisible ghosts, and hold them spellbound with dialogue which is the blindest triviality, talked by people without the slightest character, I seek refuge from this aberration in the pages of "The Deemster." From Maurice Maeterlinck, as the coming dramatist, I turn naturally to an author who maintains that William Shakespeare ought never to have arrived. "Our English Homer" (Sampson Low) has been "historically considered" by the Rev. Thomas W. White, a countryman, I believe, of the illustrious Ignatius Donnelly. Mr. White rejects the great cryptogram as absurd, but his superior sagacity has discovered that Shakespeare was an actor-manager who hired some seven or eight of his contemporaries to write immortal plays, and allow him to claim the credit. Samuel Daniel, for instance, wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and George Chapman wrote "Macbeth." As these dramas are somewhat superior to the acknowledged works of these authors, Mr. White says they were revised probably by Bacon. Bacon wrote "Hamlet," but even "Hamlet" is full of things which shock Mr. White's taste and judgment, so I suppose this play was revised by someone else. Thus the mystery is pushed a step further back into obscurity, and I am left to burst in ignorance. It is a comfort, however, to know, on Mr. White's authority, that when Marlowe was dead Shakespeare visited his lodgings, stole the manuscript of "Venus and Adonis," and printed it as his own. No wonder the wretched man went trembling to his grave, breathing a dying curse on anyone who should move his bones. He dreaded that when his imposture was discovered an indignant people would snatch his dishonoured dust from the tomb and scatter it to the winds. But such is the irony of fate that he has been our greatest idol for three centuries, and I doubt



THE TERRACE, RISLEY HALL, DERBYSHIRE

From "The Formal Garden in England."

praised 'the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature,' the logical conclusion would have been to condemn the garden altogether, and to let the house, if a house was to be allowed at all, rise from the heart of the thicket, or sheer from the rough hillside." And so we are treated to a vigorous defence of the time when "the gardens about London were remarkable for the cut greens and clipped yews in the shape of birds, dogs, men, ships, &c.," and we have instance after instance of the sturdy survival of the formal system, not without considerable excretion of the barbarity which has permitted it to be superseded by the landscape. In the garden of Risley Hall, in Derbyshire, there is, we are told, a charming instance of cut yew—two doves about seven feet long billing each other, forming an archway in a yew hedge; while at Packwood, in Warwickshire, the Sermon on the Mount is literally represented in clipped yew. At the entrance stand four tall yews, twenty feet high, for the four evangelists, and six more on either side for the twelve apostles, while above on a mound is some kind of representation of Christ overlooking the evangelists and apostles.

We must not, however, follow Mr. Blomfield into what he calls "the cant and fallacies of the landscapists," but content ourselves with commending his little volume.

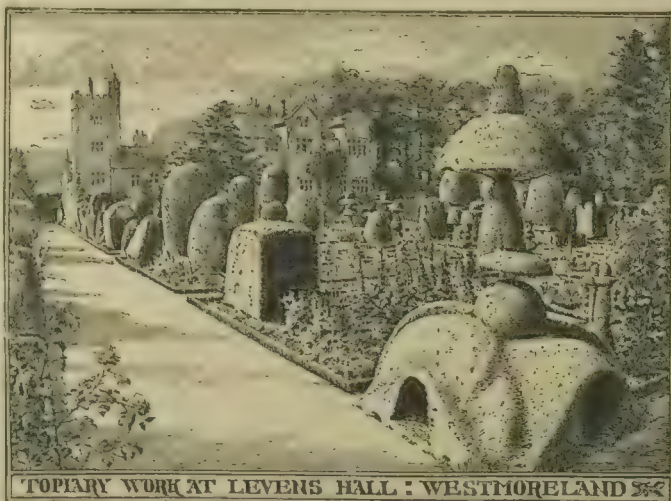
A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Having questioned elsewhere the claim of M. Maurice Maeterlinck to be set up as a fetish, I have been taken to task by critics who say they are overpowered by the weirdness of "The Princess Maleine" and "The Intruder" (W. Heinemann). Weirdness has long been as voluminous a mantle for literary shortcomings as clarity is for other sins. We have had any number of weird writers, from Wilkie Collins down to the author of "Called Back." It may be an excellent thing in its way to make your flesh creep, a feat which the late Hay used to perform on the feminine members of the Wardle family. But, while I am quite conscious of the creepiness of "The Intruder" and of many other ghost stories, I cannot hail it as a novel force either in literature or drama. In his introductory essay in the Maeterlinck volume, Mr. Hall Caine, who judiciously dismisses "The Princess Maleine" as a crude and miniature effort, is so much impressed by the companion piece that he is more than half inclined to greet M. Maeterlinck as the coming dramatist. Now, here is a weird effect, if you like; for the advent of that dramatist who never comes is one of the most ghostly things I know. I tremble to read any article on the drama, lest I should hear him sharpening the scythe with which he is presently to reap a prodigious harvest of "acting rights." I can see a number of dramatists sitting round a table, while a new play is getting itself born on a stage hard by, and a hoary old writer of melodrama says, "Did you not hear a noise?" "Yes," says another, "it was like a fiddle-string going bang in the orchestra." "Was it a fiddle-string?" "Ay, it was a fiddle-string." Then the door opens mysteriously, and the united strength of the dramatists cannot shut it, and the call-boy rushes in with a scared face and says he has passed right through a spectre with a bundle of MSS. under his arm. And at that moment loud hissing is heard from the theatre, for the play is damned.

Now, I am convinced that some confidant of mine with a

whether even the intellect of Mr. White will wean the world from its worship at such an unworthy shrine. The subtlety of Mr. White's penetration fills me with wonder. For example, he finds that Shakespeare knows nothing of love. "In descriptions of Platonic affection and conventional gallantry he is unsurpassed; but when he essays to be personally tender his muse becomes tediously perfunctory, as we see it in 'Hamlet.'" Mr. White's volume is full of this exquisite discernment. And to think that all this while we have had to wait for an American parson to teach us that Hamlet was perfunctorily tender to Ophelia, that Romeo was tediously affectionate to Juliet, that Othello had an artificial fancy for Desdemona, that Shakespeare lived on the brains of others, and thieved poems from his betters when they were dead! I don't know what part of the American Union had the honour of producing Mr. White, but I hope he is properly respected in his native town, and that the local asylum for idiots is named after him.

In "Leslie's Fate," by Captain Andrew Haggard (Arrow-smith) there is an earl who is haunted by the family ghosts from his childhood. He goes to India, and attracts the attention of a crocodile and then of a hauntsome maiden. She threatens to haunt him if he should wed another after her death, and, as he commits this fatal act, a gigantic cobra is found in his wife's bath-room. It appeals to him with pathetic eyes, and he knows at once that the snake contains the transmigrating spirit of the Hindoo lady. There is another story in the same volume in which



TOPIARY WORK AT LEVENS HALL, WESTMORELAND

From "The Formal Garden in England."

a phantom footstep is wet with blood, candles burn blue, and a knightly ghost casts "a ferocious and malignant glance, which contained both deep scorn and malignant hatred," on the gentleman who interrupts a spectral crime.

I fear myself with diffidence from this enchanted atmosphere, and turn to the feminine secrets of Mrs. Clifford's "Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman" (E. Arnold). They treat of the eternal enigma with much spirit and no little insight; but the curious thing is that Mrs. Clifford's ladies who write these letters, with all their extraordinary intelligence, cannot understand the simplest masculine animal. I thought woman was the problem to man, but now it seems that she is always groping her way among his labyrinthine qualities. And I imagined that any girl could see through us with half an eye!

L. F. A.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Did Keats intend to leave his sonnet to Haydon, "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning," in the condition in which we have it? There is no evidence to the contrary, but few readers who study the poem with any care will believe that so true an artist as Keats could possibly have been satisfied with it—in fact, there is a hint of dissatisfaction in the last word of the subscription of his note to Haydon which accompanied the first draft—

"Nov. 20, 1813.

"My dear Sir.—Last evening wrought me up, and I cannot forbear sending you the following.—Yours imperfectly,
"JOHN KEATS."

Seeing that Keats obviously intended to produce a perfectly formal sonnet, the thirteenth line, with its lack not only of a rhyme to "apart" and "heart," but of two and a half feet, is in itself almost conclusive; and there are other blotches which are hardly less obvious. Only those in whom reverence for genius passes into servility will doubt that Keats in a critical mood would have banished from the third line the flat and prosaic "wide awake," and would in the tenth line have substituted some such word as "frontier" for "forehead," which calls up such a ludicrous picture—spirits standing upon the forehead of an age to come. Worse than all else, however, is the "lo!" in line seven, which seems as if it must be a misprint for "he"—

And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sonnet, &c.

The interjection is not only meaningless, but it has the additional disadvantage of leaving the relative pronoun which follows without an antecedent; whereas "he" would render both grammar and sense perfect, and would also give symmetry to the sentence by making the introduction of Haydon uniform in manner with the introductions of Wordsworth and Hunt.

Writing of Keats reminds me that one of the most interesting relics of the poet is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland, to whom it was presented by Mr. Cowden Clarke—the volume of Chaucer containing that sometime "blank space" at the end of "The Flowre and the Lefe" upon which Keats inscribed the sonnet "This pleasant tale is like a little corpse."

Among Mr. Ireland's other treasures is a copy of that famous Boston transcendentalist magazine, the *Dial*, in which Emerson, while visiting its possessor, on the occasion of a lecturing engagement in Manchester, wrote the names of the contributors of every article and poem. Equally interesting in another way is the unique copy of the complete works of Hazlitt. Mr. Ireland went through the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals to which Hazlitt is known to have contributed, extracted his uncollected miscellaneous papers, and arranged them in order for binding. After years of patient collecting, he was in possession of every scrap of Hazlitt's published writing, with the exception of a pamphlet on an economical subject, which seemed nowhere procurable. At last, however, the missing work was found; but, as it could only be borrowed, not purchased, Mr. Ireland carefully transcribed it with his own hand, on paper of suitable size; and the twenty-three handsome volumes which now fill a shelf of the library at Fallowfield compose the only complete "Hazlitt" in the world.

Two rather interesting libraries are shortly to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby—the late Lord Granville's and the late Mr. J. H. Hutchinson's. Both are probably characteristic collections. The former certainly is—a little of everything, and everything in excellent taste, with a pleasant flavour of old-fashionedness—quarto rather than folio; Hansard, diplomatic memoirs and *memoires*, the "Anti-Jacobin" of 1797-8, in the original numbers, Burton's "Anatomy" (in the dreary impersonal octavo), standard *belles-lettres* in French and English, but less of the former than one might have expected. Among the poets, Wordsworth shows best—"Lyrical Ballads" of 1800, "Poems" of 1807; and a presentation copy of the Galligani edition (1) of 1828, the donor being "G. Wordsworth"—a nice example for an unappreciative poet's brother (a nephew) to set to a frugal world!

The other library is a little commonplace, but very "fashionable"—quantities of Grangerised books, dramatic, and other; Mr. Haggard and Mr. Gosse in large paper; heaps of Dickens and Thackeray and Ruskin in the correct editions and handsome bindings; stacks of Paris furniture-books, and other *biblia a-biblia*; very little poetry—the library of a collector who had paintings by the right Academicians and the proper kinds of china (both to be dispersed by Messrs. Christie), and who liked to have everything, even his books handsome about him.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "An Evil Spirit," by Richard Pryce. (Griffith, Farran, and Co.)
- "The Statesman's Year-Book," by J. Scott Keltie. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "The Naturalist in La Plata," by W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The New University for London," by Karl Pearson, M.A. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "A Vicar's Wife," by Evelyn Dickinson. (Methuen and Co.)
- "In a Steamer Chair," by Robert Barr (Luke Sharp.) (Chatto and Windus.)
- "The Lesson of the Master," by Henry James. (Macmillan.)
- "Faces and Places," by Henry W. Lucy. *Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour*. (Henry and Co.)
- "Handbook of Greek Archaeology," by A. S. Murray. (John Murray.)
- "Zeph," by Helen Jackson. *Shilling Series of American Authors*. (David Douglas.)
- "Siberia as It Is," by Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Intemperance: its Causes and its Remedies," by W. Beatty-Kingston. Second edition. (Routledge.)
- "Thoughts and Reflections of the late David Tertius Gabriel concerning Social, Metaphysical, and Religious Subjects." In two parts. Illustrated with a frontispiece. Edited by his nephew, J. F. E. W. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "Medieval Scottish Poets" (James I., Henryson, Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas). *Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets*. (W. Hodge and Co., Glasgow.)
- "Manual of Musical History," by James E. Matthew. (H. Green and Co.)
- "Woman's Influence in the East," by John J. Pool. With an introduction by Sir Lepel Griffin. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Farthest East and South and West. Notes of a Journey Home through Japan, Australasia, and America," by an Anglo-Indian Globe-Trotter. (W. H. Allen.)

TEN CENTURIES OF TOILETTE.

Ten Centuries of Toilette. From the French of A. Robida. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)—"Where are the modes of yesteryear?" asks M. Robida, in a deftly turned ballade, after the manner of François Villon, and then proceeds straightway to inform us on the whole matter, telling of "the haunts, the works, the secret ways" of fashion in the pleasantest style imaginable, treating the voluminous subject with a light hand, disentangling from the mass

only such details as are really significant or essential. Within the limits of little more than two hundred pages (if we take into consideration the pictures with which the volume is liberally besprent) M. Robida gives us the complete history of feminine costume, from the days of Ancient Gaul up to the present moment. He causes to pass before us a veritable pageant of noble dames, each one surrounded by the atmosphere of her own period, and all touched in with



A NOBLE DAME OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

an airy grace, a poetic elegance, that bewrays the artist even more than the archaeologist. Evidently the task has been a labour of love: under no other conditions could it have been performed with so much taste and discretion.

Here we have the pedigree, so to speak, of wellnigh every garment of importance, the origin and evolution of each fashionable folly. The corset, it appears, is even older than one had supposed it, dating from the time of the Roman influence in Gaul; but then it was a corselet of thick stuff, which moulded the form, rather than an instrument of torture which

distorted its lines. Not until the reign of Henri III. did the ansterities of the *corps piqué* reach their full height under the Medicen influence. Terrible indeed must have been the sufferings of Queen Margot and her fair contemporaries when splinters of wood from the hard and solid moulds into which their bodies were compressed "penetrated the flesh, took the skin off the wrist, and made the ribs ride up one over the other." After that we may regard our later-day structures of whalebone and satin with complacency.

Very interesting, too, is it to note that the great Emperor Charlemagne was the first to inaugurate the sumptuary laws, now, alas! fallen into total desuetude and decay. Would they could have stayed with us!

The dawn of the thirteenth century would seem to have been the birth-time of the Muse of purely French Fashion, who rose, a second Aphrodite, from the shifting seas of the Middle Ages. The "cotta," or petticoat, and the "blande," or over-dress, of the eleventh century (in reality the parents of all

after-modes) then developed into the "cotte-hardie" and the surcoat of gracious memory, taking unto themselves long clinging draperies, enriched with beautiful designs and broderies of gold and silver. The "garde-corps," a bodice-front of fur, and the "henin," the high-pinked head-tire, belong likewise to this stately and romantic phase of costume, which passed out of existence about 1530, with the advent of the "hocheplis," or farthingale, that Protean whimsy



PARISIAN LADIES OF 1789.



GREEK COSTUME: REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

phine de Beauharnais. Of these, perhaps the first (decoratively considered) was the best; although 'tis hard to conceive of any more delightful garb than that of *le paradis de Watteau*, with its swelling skirts, its cloudy laces, and the wild civility of its flowing draperies and ribbons; nor of one more sculpturally beautiful (if impractical) than the classic gowns donned by the ladies of the first Empire, whose Naiad airs might well have brought us home to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. And here is the one and only point whereon M. Robida's judgment

seems unsound, for he confesses his preference (even going so far as to declare a guilty weakness for the leg-of-mutton sleeve) for the modes of 1830, above those of the time of Mesdames Tallien and Récamier; though, to be sure, the art of the milliner, as distinct from that of the mantua-maker, was then at its very best. Never before or since has head-gear been so entirely admirable as from 1830 to 1835. Over the dark, the execrable, years that followed we would fain pass rapidly, with swift and shuddering survey; M. Robida, however, in the conscientious fulfilment of his duty as historian, spares us none of the dismal details. But that is as it should be, and possibly, when the past horrors of early Victorian fashions have sunk farther from us into the abyss of time, we shall be able to regard them with more serenity. Both just and original is the analogy drawn by the author between dress and architecture, showing how these twin necessities have reacted one upon the other from the earliest ages, how to this day they move in mutual accord. Ours is, indeed, an imitative, a reconstructive, rather than a creative age as regards the build both of gowns and habitations, and many will echo M. Robida's closing aspiration that "an original fashion, *à la de siècle*, to use the current phrase, may at last arise. If this be so, the granddaughters of the fair ladies of the present day will be able to form mental pictures of their grandmothers in attire that was really their own, a personal possession, and not in costumes borrowed from all the ages." It merely remains to add that



A LADY OF 1861.

M. Robida as illustrator and Mrs. Cashel Hoey as translator have been equally successful. The book is excellently printed, and is as attractive a volume as heart could wish.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

A Hull coasting steamer, the *Forest Queen*, was sunk by collision with another steamer, the *Loughborough*, off Flamborough Head, in the night of Feb. 24, and all the crew were drowned. Captain Lawson, master of the vessel, alone escaped by a rope thrown from the *Loughborough*.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago I alluded in these pages to the solubility of glass in water, and referred in this connection to the experiments of a German investigator who had determined the electrical relations of the dissolving action. A note received from Dr. T. Drinkwater, Lecturer on Chemistry in the Edinburgh Medical School, shows that the investigation alluded to is by no means a new one. In 1886 Dr. Drinkwater read a paper on the subject before the Edinburgh Association of Science and Art. His attention was drawn to the matter by a firm in Leith, whose boiler-ganges were constantly giving way. The fault was believed to lie with the glass, and Dr. Drinkwater was accordingly requested to analyse the ganges to determine, if possible, the cause of the flaws and failures. In a certain high-pressure boiler the glass of the gauge was worn away to the thickness of a sixpence after fourteen days' use. It was found that the glass was of good quality, but Dr. Drinkwater noted that the alkaline materials used for softening the water dissolved glass rapidly. The water alone, under great pressure, also exhibited a powerful solvent effect. Boiling glass in water, in alkali, and in acid was also tried with the view of determining the different effects produced. The water alone and the alkali were found to exercise a dissolving action, while the acid had little or no effect. These experiments may show that possibly the solvent action so powerfully induced by alkaline solutions may depend less on electrical than on purely chemical conditions; but, of course, it is hard, or impossible, to say where purely chemical action ends and electrical action begins—the two things indeed, are often interchangeable terms in the physical series.

Persons who are anxious to engage in scientific research naturally require a certain amount of training in the field of thought they propose to cultivate; but it is quite certain that many a competent observer is deterred from helping on the world by an excess of modesty in respect of his own attainments. Science has been greatly assisted in the past by the observations of those on whom the title of "amateurs" is sometimes cynically bestowed by the very superfluous persons occasionally found occupying professorial chairs and other positions of which a comfortable endowment is the chief characteristic. But sneers are not arguments, and it is open to every student of nature to become an observer and recorder in the particular science to which his tastes incline. The observations of Mrs. Graham on the earthquakes of Chile, in reference to land-movements, can be paralleled by many other cases in which science has been supplied with accurate accounts of things seen and heard by "amateurs," and has, therefore, been provided with the means of forming judgments and drawing conclusions which take their place as the solid earnings of knowledge.

The above remarks apply to the recent discovery of the new star in Auriga. Professor Copeland, the Scottish Astronomer-Royal, received an anonymous post-card announcing that a new star was to be seen in the situation indicated. The star was found, and the writer of the post-card turns out to be the Rev. Dr. T. D. Anderson, of Edinburgh, who very modestly says that his "case is one that can afford encouragement to even the humblest of amateurs. My knowledge of the technicalities of astronomy," he adds, "is, unfortunately, of the meagre description; and all the means at my disposal on the morning of Jan. 31, when I made sure that a strange body was present in the sky, were Klein's 'Star Atlas' and a small pocket-telescope which magnifies ten times." These are words which should cheer and inspire many a student of nature, who may be apt to think that he can do little or nothing to help on the advance of that wisdom which makes the mind rich and the heart content.

The death of Mr. H. W. Bates, F.R.S., at the age of sixty-seven, removed a distinguished worker in biology and geography from among us. Mr. Bates was acting Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. He was best known to the public by his charming work "The Naturalist on the River Amazons," which, I should say, though less widely known, was as epoch-making a work in its day as Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" itself. This book was rich in suggestive thoughts, and there was one subject which its author may be said practically to have exploited and originated—I mean the study of "mimicry." This is a wide term (as now used), indicative of the remarkable resemblances to other animals, or to plants, or to inorganic objects, assumed by certain animals; whilst plants in their turn may exactly mimic other plants with which they possess not the slightest relationship of real kind. It is as if the animal or plant assumed the actor's art, and masqueraded in a guise not its own.

Speaking of mimicry, it seems on broad lines fairly accurate to say that the imitation by one form of another proves to be an advantage or protection to the latter. Thus certain South American butterflies imitate with exactness the colours of another and different family of these insects. The latter are strong-smelling, and are protected by their odor from falling a prey to birds, which reject the chances of an unsavoury meal. The imitating butterflies are odourless, and perfectly fitted for bird-food, but the birds fight shy of them as of the strong-smelling insects, and the odourless group secures protection through its mimetic resemblance to the other family. So, also, we find the stick-insects and the leaf-insects imitating in a very remarkable fashion the appearances of dried twigs and of leaves respectively. A recently reported case is that of a certain insect (*Athalia*) allied to the saw-flies, wasps, and bees, and of another insect belonging to the fly order. At rest, it is impossible to say which is which. The *Athalia* is disliked by birds because of its unpleasant smell; hence the odourless fly secures protection by its cultivation of the features of its unpleasant and unrelated neighbour.

I believe there exists an Anti-Tobacco Society, which tends to discourage the use of the fragrant weed. It was to a representation or inquiry on the part of some later of nicotine that my late friend Wilkie Collins said, "When I read learned attacks on the practice of smoking, I feel indebted to the writer—he adds largely to the relish of my cigar." Tobacco has of late come to the front as a preventive of influenza, and Dr. V. Yassinari, of the University of Rome, devotes a memoir to the influence of tobacco as a prophylactic in the case of epidemics at large. In the seventeenth century, we are told, Dr. Willis and other physicians advised smoking as a preventive against infectious ailments. In 1842, at Strasburg, it was noted that workers in tobacco factories remained free from epidemic attack. Of workers in tanneries and copper, I may add, the same opinion has been expressed. Dr. Vassili, of Naples, showed that cholera germs subjected to the action of tobacco smoke were completely killed; and now we learn that anthrax germs and pneumonia germs also succumb to the influence of the cigar. Even tooth decay is said to be prevented by smoking. One need not doubt that there is a measure of truth in these remarks.



G. MONIBARD

1. Top of the Bhut Punzel Glacier, Wardwan.
2. The Punmah Glacier, head of the Braloh River, Baltistan.
3. The Chiring Glacier, head of the Punmah, with Mustakh Pass, 18,000 ft. high, behind.
4. End of the Baltoro Glacier, looking down the Bialo Valley.
5. On the Chogo Glacier, Basha Valley, Baltistan.
6. A Lake Hollow, after waters have drained away, on the Baltoro Glacier.

THE HIMALAYA GLACIERS OF BALTISTAN AND WARDWAN, KASHMIR.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. H. GODWIN-AUSTEN, F.R.S.



SCENE IN THE RUA PRIMEIRO DO MARZO, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

ART NOTES.

The battle of the "sites" has been virtually decided, and the British Luxembourg is to be erected at South Kensington, with just a roadway dividing it from another gallery of modern English art, under separate management, and administered upon wholly different principles. No one will be churlish enough to grudge to Mr. Tate the credit he deserves for wishing to establish the nucleus of a national collection of pictures, but one cannot help feeling that he has allowed himself to be guided and misguidedly by a small clique of so-called friends and advisers, who have their own ends in view. The idea of placing the new gallery under the management of a body of experts could only mean an unlimited extension of the present system by which the Chantry Bequest is administered, and every purchase made would be the signal for hostile criticism and for the imputation of mean motives. Experience has shown that it is safest to entrust the management of our public collections to competent officials acting under authorities responsible to Parliament, or under trustees wholly unconnected with the profession of artists. Mistakes may have occasionally arisen as to the value of certain purchases, but there has never been any suggestion either at Trafalgar Square or South Kensington that public money has been used to advance private ends.

From another point of view also we cannot but regret the decision now arrived at. There are pictures enough and to spare at South Kensington, while from other quarters of London there comes a well-founded cry that the art tastes of those districts are wholly ignored. A site might have been found, one would think, bordering on Regent's Park, with abundant light and space to permit of extension when needed. If North London were thought unworthy of such a gallery, the claims of South London, not wholly satisfied by the resources of the Dulwich Gallery or the Crystal Palace, might claim recognition—and with some force, since in Paris, which has given the example, the river runs between the Louvre and the Luxembourg; but, though separated by a considerable stretch, the latter is not Passy or Antoinette, or some other remote faubourg, which would be a parallel to our own South Kensington.

Just as the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is drawing to a close, a warm controversy has arisen with regard to two of the most noteworthy pictures in the rooms—the portraits of the Marchesa Isabella and Maria Grimaldi, ascribed to Rubens, although not included by his biographers in any authoritative catalogue of his works. The pictures come from Kingston Lacey, in Dorsetshire, and were purchased at Genoa by the late Mr. W. J. Banks early in the century—probably soon after the peace of 1815—when so many picture-galleries in Italy were broken up and their contents sold by the half-ruined possessors. One of the pictures—that of the Marchesa Isabella—who, we are vaguely told, was married to "Doge Doria" (there were at least half a dozen Doges of that family) bears the legend—"Petrus Paulus Rubens pinxit atque singulari devotione, 1606." There is little or rather no doubt that this is not in the handwriting of the painter, and there is equally little doubt that no other known and authentic work by Rubens in any degree resembles in style and treatment this and the companion picture. Another element of doubt is suggested by the date itself, for, although it is just possible that Rubens may have reached Genoa before the close of that year, it must be borne in mind that he was at Rome throughout the summer, and that he stopped several months at Mantua before starting for Genoa. At any rate, "his special devotion" to Doria or Grimaldi must have been of singularly rapid growth.

On the other hand, the two pictures are briefly noticed in the appendix to Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," and Dr. Waagen is firmly of opinion that these paintings are by Rubens himself, although he admits that they show much of the influence of his master, Velasquez. But splendid critics of Dr. Waagen's useful work have remarked upon a curious connection between his favourable verdict and the welcome given him by the owners of picture-galleries; and there seem good grounds to infer from his prefatory remarks that his reception at Kingston Lacey was most flattering and hospitable. Mr. Buchanan, in his careful review of the pictures imported into this country during the first quarter of the century, makes no reference to Mr. Banks's purchase or to the other pictures in the Grimaldi Gallery, which would suggest that its dispersal may have taken place before the visit to Genoa of Mr. Buchanan or his agent; while at the same time a reference to Hutchinson's "History of Dorset" proves satisfactorily that at the date of its publication (1803) the pictures were not at Kingston Lacey. The fact that neither of the pictures has ever been engraved would not at first sight weigh much either way, except that it is almost inconceivable that two pictures of such remarkable qualities—when associated with the name of Rubens—should have engaged attention from the Genoese engravers, who were distinguished for several generations by the care with which they made known to the world at large the picture treasures of their city.

The subscribers to the Art Union of London will this year have the choice of two works, either of which will be worthy of a place on their walls. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Escape of H.M.S. Calypso" from the dangers of the hurricane which burst upon the island of Samoa in March 1889 recalls in a forcible but not exaggerated way a feat of seamanship of which all Captain Kane's fellow-countrymen may well be proud, while Mr. Wyllie may be also congratulated on his skill, both as a draughtsman and an etcher. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Staffing is Good for Geese" is a memory of a peaceful and more remote past, when married couples went away in post-chaises and left their post-boys well rewarded to rest with Boniface in the inn garden and spin immemorial yarns over innumerable mugs of ale. Mr. Dendy Sadler is always happy in the treatment of such scenes, and he has found in Mr. Dobie, who has etched the work, a faithful interpreter of this humorous side of rustic life.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Football Clubs, on Saturday, Feb. 27, played their nineteenth annual match, at West Kensington; the Cambridge eleven won the victory by five goals to one. On the same day, the Cambridge University golf-players easily defeated those of Great Yarmouth in a match played at Cambridge.

The Vienna municipal authorities have ordered the closing of a Wesleyan Methodist chapel there, because one of the articles of the Church of England, modified and adopted by John Wesley, denounces the Mass as a blasphemous and dangerous deceit. The President of the English Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Stephenson, has remonstrated, declaring that the Methodists do not adopt those articles, and that they have no formulated creed, but agree simply with the evangelical doctrine of Wesley. An appeal to the provincial Governor of Lower Austria having been rejected, the Imperial Minister of Public Worship has to decide on this case.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. P. M. (London).—Your problem, save for a dual, is apparently correct, but is too simple for our use.

R. S. (Wimbledon).—The new diagram shall be more carefully treated, and we hope to find satisfaction.

W. W. (Bridge of Allan).—Thanks for games, one of which shall be published immediately.

B. W. L. (New York).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and your problems are very acceptable.

G. S. (Haverhill).—The game is rather pretty, and shall be published shortly.

L. K. (Brussels).—Game duly received, for which we are obliged.

H. W. (London).—We are afraid your solution will not do for No. 297, and the ingenious arrangement of the problem you offer is therefore based on a misunderstanding.

G. W. W. (London).—We are compelled to abbreviate the report for want of space.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 296, received from Dr. P. B. Dennis (Cambridge); of No. 297 from W. E. S. (London); of No. 298 from J. P. V. (London); of No. 299 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 300 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 301 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 302 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 303 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 304 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 305 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 306 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 307 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 308 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 309 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 310 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 311 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 312 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 313 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 314 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 315 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 316 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 317 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 318 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 319 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 320 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 321 from J. W. S. (London); of No. 322 from J. W. S. 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ELECTRICITY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It must be confessed that the Crystal Palace is an admirable site for an electrical exhibition, and at night, when its vast arcades are illuminated and thronged with sightseers, the effect of the whole is very striking and picturesque. The visitor who emerges from the dark tunnels of the Low Level station, and, taking his stand beside the "crystal fountain," looks down the long vista of the nave, where palms, statuary, and climbing plants are gleaming under the artificial moonshine of the arc, and the stalls are jewelled with the variegated lustre of the incandescent lamp, may well be pardoned for imagining that he has entered a scientific fairyland, if not a paradise. The elves and hobgoblins have indeed departed from the earth, but they have left us in possession of a physical agent which is far better able to serve us than all the genii of the Arabian story.

A DECADE OF INVENTION.

It is ten years since the last electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace, when the young and hopeful "power" which is now regarded as the heir of steam was first introduced to the British public; and, if no remarkable invention has appeared during the interval, a great deal of progress has been made in the perfection of methods and detail. Dynamos which deliver an even flow of current, arc lamps which burn without blinking or casting a bluish glare, incandescent lamps and fittings of exquisite beauty, electrical cranes, lifts, cars, boats, and implements, electrical heaters, and economical modes of distributing the current, have all been realised in practice. People in general have learned to appreciate the new industry, and take a lively interest in the science. Boys chatter to each other about accumulators, and young ladies are quite competent to tell the difference between a dynamo-electric generator and a mere transformer.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Exhibition is not a large one; but it is good, various, and select. Of course the electric light is its dominant feature, and it is curious to see how the incandescent or domestic lamp has come forward at the expense of the older and more powerful arc lamp, which has been relegated to its most fitting places, the street, railway station, court, or hall.

In the arc lamp the light is produced in the gap between two carbon sticks, through which the electric current is passed; and, owing to its cheapness and brilliancy, it is extremely useful in lighthouses and for searchlights at sea, or on fortifications. In thick weather it enables a ship to discover a floating wreck, or it may be, an iceberg, and to traverse the Suez Canal by night, thus saving time and nearly doubling the capacity of the waterway. At Alexandria, in 1882, the searchlights on our men-of-war were used to observe the forts by night. One firm exhibits a model of a conning-tower, with a searchlight of the Admiralty type mounted over it. The "projector," as it is named, consists of a cylindrical case, with an arc light of 50,000-candle power in the focus of a silvered reflector, which projects the light in a parallel beam through the air in any direction. After dark in the centre transept of the Palace this great shaft of light can be seen illuminating the dusty motes of the crowded nave, or glancing round into the side galleries at the will of the operator. Another firm also exhibit a "holophote," or projector of the kind employed by vessels in traversing the Suez Canal by night; and another is displayed which is supplied to foreign Governments. Three makers show some fine examples of the tall masts, with a cluster of powerful arc lamps under

reflectors at the top to shed the light downwards in squares and open spaces, thus imitating the celestial luminaries.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP.

In the "glow," or, strictly speaking, the incandescent lamp, the light is emitted by a filament of hard carbon, through which the current is passed; and, to keep the white-hot carbon from oxidising—that is to say, from burning away like a coal in the fire—it is enclosed in a glass bulb from which the air is exhausted. Obviously such a light can neither consume nor pollute the atmosphere around it, and hence it is the healthiest of all our artificial lights. Dr. Meynott Tidy has estimated that twelve tallow candles consume 60 cubic feet of air and vitiate with their fumes over 900 cubic feet in an hour. A paraffin lamp of equal power burns 34 cubic feet of air, and defiles 484 cubic feet in the same time; while an equivalent gas jet deodorises 17.25 cubic feet of air, and contaminates 484 cubic feet an hour. An ordinary gas-jet in a room consumes as much fresh air as a healthy adult; and the pollution is more deleterious owing to the sulphurous products of combustion. Moreover, the electric light gives out very little heat compared to gas, oil, or candles. Protected by glass, there is little danger of the slender filament causing a fire. Independent of air, it can be steeped in water, or fixed in any position where it will be most useful, and it lends itself to every kind of artistic decoration. Hence it is that the electric light in private houses, offices, theatres, and ball-rooms is cooler, brighter, and healthier than any other, and, since it is now almost as cheap as gas, the day is probably not far distant when its beneficent ray will cheer the home of the poor man, where it is most needed, as well as the splendid mansions of the rich.

It is in the galleries, however, where suites of rooms have been fitted up and lighted with electricity, that we can see the capabilities of the light to best advantage. An Elizabethan hall, Italian dining-room, and Anglo-Japanese drawing-room have been supplied with electric lamps. The rooms are entered through a conservatory with luminous glass, bricks, and other lamps, imitating the fruits of palms or plantains, water-lilies, and lotus-flowers. In the dining-room there is a miniature pond in the middle of the table with water-lily lamps, and over the table an astronomical device having an orange-coloured lamp representing the sun. Around the walls are other lamps, figuring the various planets of the solar system.

HERR BRAND'S MODEL STAGE.

The application of the electric light to the scenery of a theatre has been cleverly worked out by Herr Brand, whose model stage is exhibited in the Pompeian House. The scene is in Switzerland, with a waterfall and chalets in the foreground and the snowy peaks of the Alps in the background. Two sets of footlights lie in front of the stage, and banks of lights are fixed in the ceiling and behind the scenes. These lights are incandescent lamps, with phial-shaped bulbs of clear red and blue glass, and they are all manipulated by switching off and on the current or graduating it by inserting resistances in the circuit. One attendant can thus control the entire lighting of the stage by raising, lowering, and blending the lights of the various lamps, which are wired in sections. A mirror reflecting the stage enables him to do so evenly and artistically, thus imitating nature. The glow of the sun on the snowclad peaks is faithfully rendered by lamps behind them and shining through their translucent edges. The cascade is brightened in a similar way, and the moon is slowly raised without a hitch by an electric motor, in a manner which might command the approval of Professor

Herkomer. As one sits and watches the golden sunshine fading by degrees and giving place to a ruddy light on the pines, the mountain tops catching the after-glow, the gathering shades of night, the rising moon, and glimmering casements of the chalets, he cannot help thinking that the fascination of the scene itself would be apt for a time to withdraw the attention of the audience from the actors. Be this as it may, we have here the germ of scenic tableaux, which through their changes of light and shade in imitation of nature would have a living charm that is absent from the finest oil paintings.—J. MURDO.

The Duke of Norfolk has informed the Mayor of Oxford that the Cardinal Newman Memorial Committee withdraw their proposal to place the statue on a public site in the town, "in face of the violent opposition fomented, much to their surprise, by eminent members of the University of Oxford."

The naval court-martial, at Malta, on the stranding of H.M.S. Victoria in Dragomesti Bay, on the coast of Greece, has reprimanded Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke and Staff-Commander Tully for negligence in not having ascertained the position of the shoal at Snipe Point before approaching the shore.

The system of telegraph money-orders will henceforth be extended to all the money-order post-offices with telegraphs in the United Kingdom, at rates specified in an official notice taking effect on March 1. The money is paid at the post-office to the person entitled to receive it, or to someone acting on his behalf, after he gets the telegraphic communication. This system has been in operation in New Zealand and other Australasian colonies for many years past.

The contract of Government, through the Controller of the Stationery Office, with Reuter's Telegram Company, for printing and publishing reports of Parliamentary Debates, to replace the extinct "Hansard," has now appeared. Some people do not see the need of any such official report of speeches to be found in every daily newspaper. Government is to pay a subsidy of £200 for every volume printed, to contain 960 pages, after a first edition, in daily parts, stitched with covers, and sold for a shilling. The series of bound volumes for a session may cost five guineas, and we doubt whether fifty copies will ever be sold to private persons. The company's reporters will have seats in the House of Commons gallery and on the floor of the House of Lords.

The War Office Committee of Inquiry on the terms and conditions of Army service, of which Lord Wantage is chairman, has published its report, accepting the official evidence that "every battalion at home is inefficient," as the Commander-in-Chief says, from the faulty system of recruiting and drafting, with regard to the demands of battalions serving abroad. It is recommended, as a rule in future, to maintain the general home establishment of infantry at five times the amount of the annual drafts for service; also to keep the battalions of a regiment of equal force at home and abroad. As these battalions are added to the Indian establishment, either five new Line battalions should now be raised for home service or the Coldstream and Scots Guards should be augmented, each by a new battalion, and the Guards should go on foreign service. To aid recruiting, the pay of a soldier ought to be improved; it should be a shilling a day clear of all compulsory stoppages, with threepence daily extra messing allowance, better supply of clothing, and a gratuity of £1 for each year's service when discharged. The soldiers should also be encouraged to serve for twelve years in the regiment, and nineteen should be the minimum age for enlistment.

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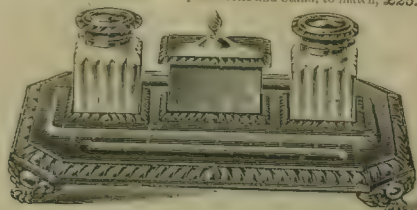


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2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.



Sterling Silver Inkstand, rich Gadroon Mounts.
8 inches, £10 10s. 10 inches, £15 10s. 12 inches, £19 10s.



Sterling Silver Salvers, rich Leopard Pattern Border, Pierced and Engraved, very handsome.
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ELLIMAN'S A Blackheath Harrier writes:
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ELLIMAN'S "I write to say that had it not
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ELLIMAN'S should have remained a cripple up
ELLIMAN'S to the present moment."
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ELLIMAN'S STIFFNESS.
ELLIMAN'S A. F. GARDNER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C.
ELLIMAN'S Spartan Harriers' Official Hand-
ELLIMAN'S capper), writes:
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ELLIMAN'S for dispersing stiffness and aches.
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ELLIMAN'S should be without it."

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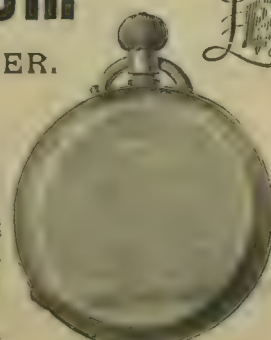
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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

One of the unappreciated humours of Parliament rejoices in the name of "private business," which consumes a great deal of time, especially when it happens to be Irish. Twice, within a day or two, have we grappled with the municipal affairs of Belfast. It was a lunatic asylum Bill which nominally engaged our philanthropic attention; but the general administration of this obnoxious city was thrust upon us. As Belfast numbers among its representatives an Irish member who is good for three hours on any topic under heaven, never a Session passes without prodigious intermissions of public affairs for the sake of the "private business" of Ulster's capital. I have heard Mr. Sexton for at least an hour on the fascinating theme of the Belfast main drainage. I have heard him on his lunatics, who seemed to touch him nearly. I have in my mind's eye a picture of Belfast, with a statue of Mr. Sexton in every thoroughfare, always with that insinuating smile with which he prefaces every oration. It was a relief to forget Belfast for one afternoon, and be soothed by the fairy tales of science in the shape of a projected tramway over Westminster Bridge and down the Thames Embankment. This also was "private business," strictly private and confidential, for members arose and said that tramway lines offended their carriage wheels, and one of them whispered in the private ear of the Chair that a tramway controlled by the County Council would be a Socialistic experiment which might lead to the general confiscation of private property. So rigid was the privacy that a noble lord hoped it would not be imagined for a moment that he desired to make an electioneering speech. He simply imparted to us, under the seal of inviolable secrecy, his opinion that the County Council represented the precious interests of the ratepayers of South London, who would never be happy and prosperous till they could career over Westminster Bridge on the wild and whirling "tram." Then the House divided, quite surreptitiously, on the second reading of the Bill, and when it was carried by a majority of two the Opposition broke into clandestine cheers.

Another superlative joke is the assumption that the House is devoting itself to business without any thought of its latter end. We are within a few months, it may be weeks, of the Dissolution, and there is not a man in Parliament who is not trying to adjust his bearings to that impending cataclysm. Many members have found peace of mind by declining to stand again, and they lounge in and out of the House as they please, cynically indifferent to the entreaties of the Whips, who are beginning to look quite spectral with anxiety. Other gentlemen have a worn and *distrain* air, as of politicians who know that, while they are transacting public affairs at Westminster, wily opponents are wooing their constituencies, like cuckoos trying to oust them from their nests. This apprehension was comically manifest in the debate on Mr. Herbert Gardner's resolution. Mr. Gardner is one of those members who seem designed by nature to promote the public good. I never saw a man who carried unselfish devotion to his country written in such large capitals all over him. Purely in the interests of free discussion, Mr. Gardner proposed that all schools in the receipt of public money should be at the disposal of well-meaning and respectable persons who wanted to benefit their fellow-men by holding a meeting. Immediately the country gentleman who is oppressed by the cuckoo had a vision of that obnoxious bird installing itself in the parish school-room and imparting pernicious principles to the unsophisticated villagers. Not that anybody who took part

in the debate made the slightest allusion to electioneering. Mr. Gardner's proposal was discussed in that spirit of abstract justice which is one of the marvels of the House of Commons. Everybody was agreed that schools which were paid for by the ratepayers should be available for public meetings, and the only dispute related to the responsibility for legislation. Mr. Gardner modestly suggested that the Government should have the honour of bringing in a Bill, and the Government, not to be outdone in magnanimity, pressed the blushing Gardner to take this task upon himself. Meanwhile, the representative of Oxford University pointed out, with the acumen which might be expected from that seat of learning, that it would be necessary to safeguard the school-room windows against the too exuberant energy of assembled patriots. Mr. Balfour enlarged upon this theme with an ingenuity of misgiving which showed how apt we are to overlook the salvation of furniture in our zeal for the right of public meeting. How were the chairs and tables in schools to be protected from the enthusiasm of village Hampdens? On this momentous question the House spent much time and heat, and in the end the Government shyly consented to become responsible for legislation which, I believe, will tax the highest faculty of statecraft.

But, as I have remarked, all this had nothing to do with the General Election. Nor was there even the remotest bearing on that looming portent in Mr. Balfour's eloquence about the relief of Irish distress. The House had been meandering placidly through the Irish Estimates when Mr. Dillon, rousing himself from that pensive reticence which has distinguished him since the opening of the Session, made an attack on the Government in the old scolding vein. This provoked Mr. Balfour to the most animated and inspiring speech he has made since he became Leader of the House. The country gentlemen behind him forgot the cuckoos for a while, and cheered with a heartiness which has not been conspicuous of late. What did it matter if the First Lord did not display that morbid punctuality in his attention to business which was notable in his predecessor? Here, at all events, was a touch of the old spirit. Here was the only Minister who ever coped with the Irish members, trouncing them with that vigorous invective which made him the idol of his party. Here was a real vindication of his Irish policy, not a philosophic disquisition on the superiority of the stupid and familiar to the wise and unknown. - In a few moments Mr. Balfour had completely restored the enthusiasm of his followers, and, for a while at all events, banished that spectre of discontent which has been hovering unpleasantly near the Treasury Bench.

As for the Opposition, they have rejoiced exceedingly over the return of their chief. He has come among us like the herald of spring, this amazing old man of eighty-three, radiant as a boy in the first flush of life, and making men of less than half his age look like faded phantoms from another world.

A new first-class battle-ship, the *Repulse*, one of eight ordered under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, was launched on Saturday, Feb. 27, from Pembroke Dockyard. She is of steel, 380 ft. long and 75 ft. broad, with over 14,000 tons water displacement, and has twin-screws with engines of 9000-horse power at ordinary working. The middle part, for 250 ft., is protected by an armour-belt 18 in. thick, and there is a steel deck 3 in. thick, with shields for guns. The ship will carry four 67-ton guns, of 13½ in. calibre, on barbettes, with many quick-firing guns. Her total cost will be £881,000.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

By all means take the earliest opportunity and go to Toole's Theatre to see "Walker, London." I wish somehow that the title of "The House-boat" had not been used before, for it exactly expresses the author's admirable idea. Mr. J. M. Barrie, novelist, essayist, and, luckily, now dramatist, is clearly of opinion, as Robertson was before him, that in the apparently trivial details of our daily life there is somewhere or other, the germ of a drama. His motto is "Simplicity." No one who did not possess a strong dramatic instinct would have chosen the upper deck and cosy cabin of a Thames house-boat as the scene of an elaborate comic play. He wilfully handicaps himself at the outset. The new author dispenses at once with the machinery, the stock-in-trade of the farce writer. There are no doors or windows or screens or cupboards here. The exits and entrances are of the most primitive kind—all in a punt. Originality and humour are stamped on the faces of the new play. The skill with which the action of the comedy is developed in this cramped space is extraordinary. Here we have nature, so far as nature is permissible on the stage. It is not the scene-painter who assists the imagination so much as the skilful author. No doubt the actual scene is a charming one. When the curtain draws up we can imagine ourselves miles away from London, idling on a summer's day in the lovely reach between Boulton's Lock and Cookham. I do not recall a prettier Thames scene since the picture of Hampton Court in "Charles I." at the Lyceum. Mr. Harker, the scenic artist, has done wonders, and, if you would see his picture to perfection, I advise you all during the evening to go up to the circle and take in the view from the O.P. side of the stage. Then you will see what the modern scene-painter can do with distance and atmosphere. In the stalls the actual and practical house-boat naturally impedes the view of this delightful scene. But, as I said before, pleasant as is the scene, and real as is this huge "property" boat, it is the dramatist who should have the credit of the full illusion. In this instance the scenery—as is right—does not hamper his efforts, but assists them. The curtain has scarcely been up five minutes before we seem to be on confidential terms with all the characters. Here lies the dramatic gift. Mr. Barrie never beats about the bush or wears us with a conventional prelude. He does not need, as the French dramatists invariably do, to introduce his plan by means of a couple of loquacious and unnecessary servants. Like Robertson again, he obtains his effects by the simplest methods. We need no formal introduction; we seem to know them all. The summer party on the cheery house-boat is complete. Here is the typical schoolboy, the lad who hates girls because they are such muffs, who professes to be indignant because he is kissed for a pair of gloves by the prettiest of them when he is enjoying a siesta on the river's bank; the devoted cricketer, who is nicknamed "W. G.," and who knows by heart all the top scores made at the Oval or Lord's during the season. Here is W. G.'s particular friend and idol, a well-known athlete, who takes women's hearts by storm, and will stand no nonsense about women's rights or any purely æsthetic view of love. The particular girl whose heart-fortress is besieged is essentially a modern type. She is a Girtton girl, highly educated, and parroted with the fads and eccentricities of the modern intellectual woman. But, dear me! it is only skin deep. The bubble of culture is easily burst. At heart the Girtton girl is as natural and human as

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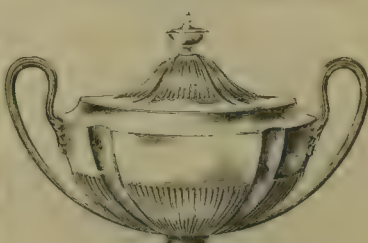
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the rest of us, and at the first temptation she flings her loving arms round the neck of her sceptical athlete. Any dramatist, be he Robertson or Pinero, would have been proud to have drawn that Girtle girl. And then we have in deliberate contrast the careless "airy fairy Lilian," the "every-day young girl," who thinks more about smart frocks than sentiment, and can change her lovers a dozen times a week. This type is inevitable on a house-boat, and she is naturally carrying on with a young medical student, who is hysterical with excitement when the telegram announces he has passed, and, this over, at once, boy-like, assumes the professional manner and physics his companions. To keep these young folks in order, we see the practical, ever-knitting, commonplace mamma. Her days of dreaming are over. She is solely concerned in the punctual arrival of the butcher and the milkman, for she has to provide for her hungry family; her sole distraction is everlasting knitting, and she is only aroused to indignation when the careless maid keeps smashing the crockery and flinging the broken pieces into the great river that laps the side of the pretty house-boat. Here we have the minor interest, and admirable enough it is—masterly, indeed—in its swift and convincing power. The major interest comes with ever-popular Johnnie Toole, who represents a selfish and heartless barber. He is engaged to be married to a decent girl in his own class of life, but, having saved up some money for the honeymoon, he is determined to spend it all on himself. He will drive in single harness, at any rate, until the honeymoon money is fairly spent. So he goes down to the river in the character of a noted explorer, and obtains an introduction to the household by pretending, with the aid of a mendacious boatman, to save the life of the sentimental Girtle girl. Once on board the boat, Mr. J. L. Toole is in his element. He tells lies by the score, pretends that he is a hero of the pattern of Speke, Grant, Livingstone, and Stanley combined, flirts with and proposes to all the pretty girls in turn, is involved in huge matrimonial responsibilities, until the rejected Sarah appears on the scene in search of her faithless barber. Sarah the faithful is the grim embodiment of fate. During the whole of the last act, when the moon is up and the stars are out, and the young people are frolicking in the house-boat cabin, there sits the relentless Sarah on the roof, her arms folded, the very embodiment of destiny. We know what is coming. Poor Johnnie Toole will be caught like a rat in a trap. He endeavours to frighten the insistent Sarah. Vainly he tries to lower her when asleep by W. G.'s cricketering catapult to an accommodating punt. But Sarah is not to be frightened, and the faithless barber with his *punch* depart in the dead of the night into shadowland. There is no explanation asked for or required. Nothing is made right in the end. The only question is, "Who is this mysterious stranger who has told such taradiddles and broken so many maiden hearts?" The answer is contained in an address he has left behind him. "Walker, London." How neat, how compact, how skillfully contrived is all this! Not a word too much, not a character in excess. The little play may be simple, but how artistic is that very simplicity! The author who at the outset could write such a play will one day give us the modern comedy we want. As somebody has already very pointedly and properly observed, Mr. J. M. Barrie does not need to come on the stage smoking a cigarette—or the pipe that he loves—in the presence of women, or to pat the audience on the back for being pleased with his work. There is no necessity in this case for dyed carnations or atrocious metallic-blue button-holes. Mr. Barrie will win his way to fame without insolent letters in the newspapers. He has written a good

play, and he will write a much better one now that he has gained confidence. A better start has not been made for a considerable time. Apart from Mr. Toole and Miss Eliza Johnstone, who are old stagers and thoroughly understand their business, it may be urged that the general acting might have been better. But I really do not see very much cause to complain. We might suggest a little improvement here and there, but it is merely because the characters are so exceedingly well drawn. Happily the cheeky boy is played by a boy instead of the stage girl-boy, and it is a part very difficult to cast properly. No one can surely complain of Miss Vanbrugh or Miss Ansell—both charming girls—or Mr. Seymour Hicks, a very promising young actor, or Mr. Shelton, inimitable as the leery boatman. Mr. Toole is in high feather. The part suits him, and he is evidently delighted with it. Each night he works it up, and his scenes now go splendidly. It must be a relief to this excellent actor to get out of the trammels of conventional farce. And there is the true comic vein in Miss Johnstone, who thoroughly understands the grin tragedy of some farce. Mr. Barrie has written an amusing, clever, original, and healthy play. We do not need to go to Norway, or Belgium, or Spain for the new dramatist when we can get so good a one from bonny Scotland.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1890), with a codicil (dated May 21, 1891), of Mr. John William Chater, late of 18, Holland Park Gardens, who died on Nov. 11 at Eastbourne, was proved on Feb. 20 by Mrs. Margaret Ann Chater, the widow, Thomas Cuvellie, and Charles John Last, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £123,000. The testator bequeaths £300, the furniture, books, pictures, plate, jewellery, wines, and consumable stores at his residence, and his horses and carriages to his wife; he also bequeaths to her specifically various foreign and railway stocks and bonds, in addition she is to have his residence with the stables, for life; the furniture of a house to his daughter, Mrs. Robinson; £50 each to his executors, Mr. Cuvellie and Mr. Last; and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eight children—John Samuel Chater, William Chater, Edward Henry Chater, Mrs. Emily Anne Whybrow, Mrs. Alice Jane Robinson, Henry Eldred Chater, Gertrude Ellen Chater, and Frank Kentish Chater. He gives his son William the option of purchasing at a valuation the good-will, stock-in-trade, fixtures, book debts, leasehold premises, and effects of his business of a wholesale provision merchant, carried on by him under the name of Ferre and Co., at Heddon Street, Regent Street.

The will (dated March 22, 1890) of Major George William Wallace Carpenter, formerly 32nd Regiment, late of 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 18 by Mrs. Euphemia Carpenter, the widow, Colonel Henry Stacey, and Ernest Richardson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths his plate and plated articles to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; £5000, all his wines, stores, books, pictures, household goods, furniture, and effects to his wife; and legacies to his executors, relatives, and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety to his wife, for life or widowhood; and, subject thereto, for his daughter, Marie Davida

Carpenter, and any other children by his said wife, in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Dec. 6, 1889) of Mr. Robert Fraser, late of Crown Gardens, Dowanhill, Glasgow, who died on Dec. 1, granted to John Elphinstone Fraser, the son, David Guthrie, James Clark Buntin, James Templeton, John Clapperton, and James Clapperton, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Feb. 10, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £56,000.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1890) of Mrs. Sarah Allen Abbott, late of Denham Lodge, Eltham Road, Lee, Kent, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 17 by Thomas Peacock and Henry Archibald Dowse, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her sister, Matilda Whitehead, for life, and then as she shall appoint; £3500 each to ten of the children of her late husband, Samuel Abbott; and legacies to other relatives, relatives of first husband, step-children, and others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her said sister, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will, as contained in papers A and B, with seven codicils, of Mr. John Pollok, D.L., J.P., late of Lismany, county Galway, of 57 and 58, St. James's Street, and of Finchley, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Feb. 19 by Manfred Leslie Palmes Jardine, Baron René de Bionay, and William Merrick, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £33,000. Subject to £2000 per annum to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Florence Madeline Pollok, charged thereon by their marriage settlement, and to portions for his younger children, amounting in the whole to £50,000, the testator settles all his estates in Ireland, and also his estates in Scotland, on his eldest son by his said wife, with remainder to his heirs male, and in default thereof to his other sons in succession. There are a few legacies; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1881), with a codicil (dated Sept. 3, 1891), of the Rev. Joseph Dodd, formerly rector of Hampton Poyle, Oxfordshire, and late of 55, St. Giles's Street, Oxford, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on Feb. 11 by the Rev. Frederic Sutton Dodd, Cyril Joseph Settle Dodd, Q.C., and John Theodore Dodd, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Oxford Ratcliffe Infirmary and the Oxford Wingfield Convalescent Home, but if he gives either of the said institutions such a sum in his lifetime the legacy is to lapse; his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Mary Dodd; and several other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the advowson of Yardley, Worcestershire, which he directs to be sold, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his three sons. He confirms his marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made for his wife and children by his will is in addition thereto, and not in substitution thereof.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1889) of Mr. George Batcock, late of Kidwells Park, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Feb. 8 by George Arthur Batcock and Charles Frederick Batcock, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £500 to

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his wife; £3000 to his son William Frederick; £100 to each of his grandchildren who shall attain twenty-one; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons George Arthur and Charles Frederick, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1891) of Mr. Francis Butterfield, late of Keighley, Yorkshire, engine and machine-tool maker, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Feb. 9 by Frank Butterfield, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths, in addition to some specific bequests to her, £50 and an annuity of £250 to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Butterfield. He directs the residue of his property to be divided into forty-one parts, eight of which he gives to each of his sons Frank and Walter; eight, upon trust, for the three children of his late son Joseph; eight, upon trust, for his son Joshua, his wife, and children; three, upon trust, for his stepdaughter Eliza Binns, for life; and the remaining six parts to his grandchild Florence, daughter of his late son John.

The will of Miss Catherine Stuart, late of 106, Harley Street, who died on Dec. 8 at Bath, was proved on Feb. 6 by Robert Wood Ingham, George Lawson, and John Bent Lukin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,182.

The will of Mr. Phillips Cosby Lovett, D.L., J.P., late of Liscombe Park, Buckinghamshire, who died on Dec. 5 at Hythe, near Southampton, was proved on Feb. 12 by George Davys Edward Wigley and Edmund Child Haynes, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,028.

The will of Mr. Thomas Broadhurst Puckle, late of Woodcote Grove, Carshalton, Surrey, and of 42, Cadogan Place, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on Feb. 17 by the Rev. Thomas John Puckle and Philip Ravenhill Puckle, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7829.

MUSIC.

Dr. Joachim made his reappearance in London at the Monday Popular Concert of Feb. 29, and, as usual, a large audience assembled to offer hearty and affectionate greetings to the greatest of living violinists. The evening's work was of the most familiar character. It comprised Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet in F major, Haydn's quartet in D minor, Op. 76, in which Dr. Joachim had for his associates M.M. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Max Bruch's violin romance in A; pianoforte solos for Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and songs for Madame Isabel Fasset. The hero of the occasion was in his grandest vein. He has never played the quartets more finely, and in the romance the audience took the opportunity of awarding him a special ovation, the immediate result of which was one of those unaccompanied movements from a Bach sonata in the rendering of which Joseph Joachim stands without a rival. Miss Zimmermann was likewise very successful in her Chopin pieces, and compelled to play an encore.

That admirable violoncellist, Herr Hugo Becker, has recently

been prominently before the public at two important orchestral concerts. At the last London Symphony Concert of the series (Feb. 25) he performed Saint-Saëns' cello concerto in A minor, with a brilliancy of execution and breadth and purity of tone and phrasing that evoked unanimous expressions of satisfaction. Two days afterwards he made his debut at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts in a "Concertstück" for violoncello and orchestra, specially composed for him by Signor Antonio Bazzini (principal of the Milan Conservatoire), and again won highly favourable opinions.

An attempt was made at the Royal Academy concert on Feb. 29 to perform Bach's "Magnificat" in D exactly according to the original score, supplemented by the organ, and (in one number) by the pianoforte. The additional accompaniments of Robert Franz were dispensed with, and the work was given "as nearly as possible under the conditions and with the resources intended by the composer." Such an experiment could not fail to be regarded with favour by worshippers at the shrine of the great Leipzig cantor; but St. James's Hall was hardly the place for it, and, despite the evident artistic purpose of Mr. Frederick Corder, under whose direction the performance was given, the undertaking was not carried out in its integrity—that is to say, without sundry departures from the "letter" of the original. Thus, while the rendering of the "Magnificat" under approximately unchanged conditions was undeniably interesting, it still could not claim the full honour due to a presentation absolutely identical with that given under Bach himself.

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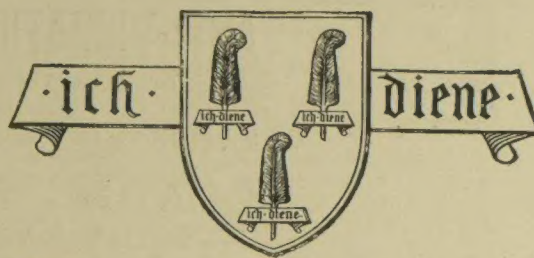
BY

Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen.



PEARS

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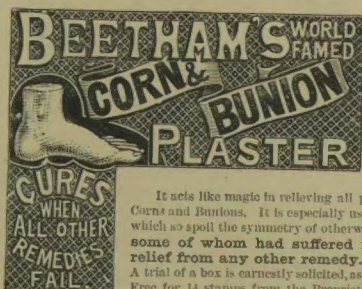
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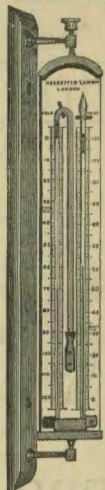
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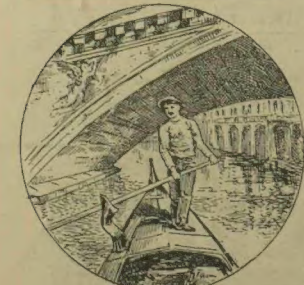
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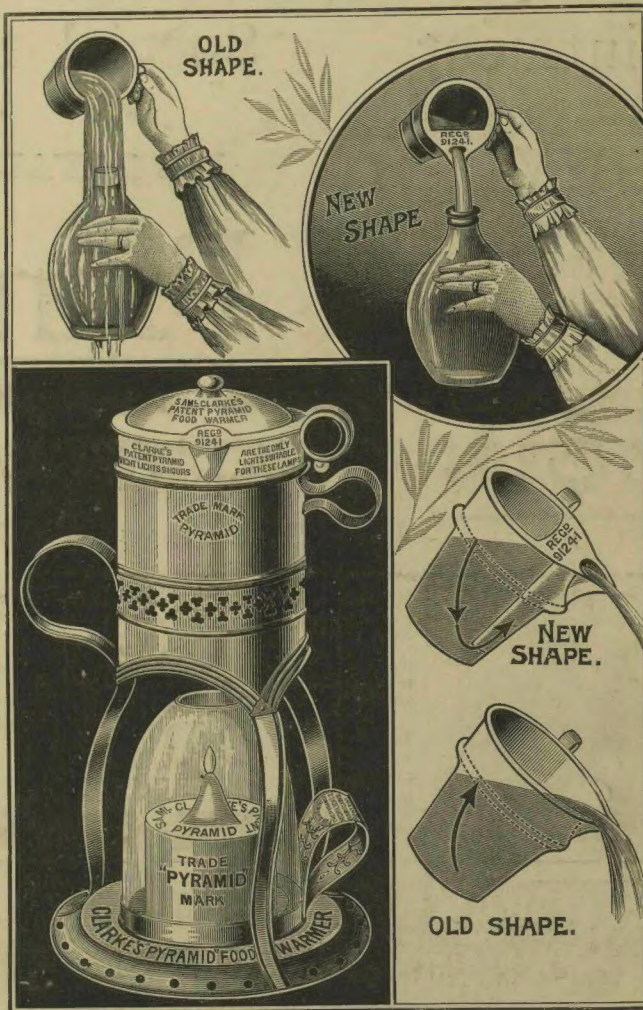
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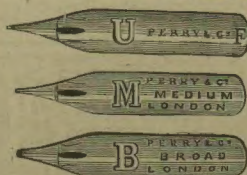
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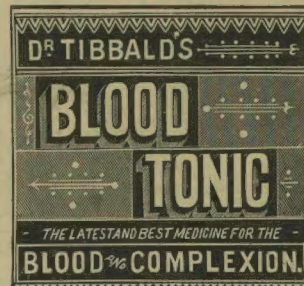
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